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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY. ESTABLISHED 1846

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Vol. XXXIV.—No. 90.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1879.

Price Ten Cents.



"CHILDREN IN ARMS ADMITTED FREE."—HOW MISS MATTIE DENNISON, A LIVELY CHICAGO BEAUTY, PETRIFIED THE PIOUS TICKET-TAKER AT A CHURCH FAIR IN ST. LOUIS, AND PASSED INTO THE ENTERTAINMENT FREE, ON A BANTER FROM A PARTY OF CONGENIAL SPIRITS.—SEE PAGE 2.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

The Oldest Illustrated Weekly. Established 1848.
RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor.
Office: 2, 4 & 6 Reade Street, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1879.

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To Artists and Photographers.

We solicit sketches of noteworthy occurrences from persons of artistic ability in all parts of the United States. We also invite photographers in every section of the Union to forward us photographs of interesting events and of individuals prominently concerned in them. The matter should be forwarded to us at the earliest possible moment after the occurrence, and, if acceptable, will be liberally paid for. Persons capable of producing such sketches, as well as photographers throughout the country, are respectfully requested to send name and address to this office. This will on no occasion be published, unless desired, but is simply held as a guarantee of good faith.

Answers to Correspondents.

- J. B., Calhoun, Ky.—Already had account of the matter.
- S. E., Netherland, Kan.—Much obliged, but could not make use of it.
- FRANK, Lincoln, Neb.—Have published item; could not use illustration.
- G. H. J., Elkland, Pa.—Send along whatever you may have in our line.
- NEW, Hempstead, Texas.—Account of occurrence previously received.
- B. C. R., Columbus Junction, Iowa.—Send fuller particulars. Can't quite make it out.
- A. M. G., Kingston, N. Y.—Would have liked to have had it for this issue; too late for next.
- T. A. B., San Francisco.—Capital article. Will appear in next issue if we cannot get it in this.
- N. L. C., Atlanta, Ga.—No, we have not as yet published it, having held it over for consideration.
- J. G. S., Dubuque, Iowa.—Have returned photo as desired. Let us know if anything important turns up in the case.
- L. S., Snow Hill, Md.—Have sent check for services. Letter for you this week. Please attend to it immediately.
- C. H. C., Independence, Mo.—Account of matter published. Could not make use of sketch. Appreciate attention all the same.
- CORRESPONDENT, Elizabethtown, Ind.—Article appears with illustration of the incident. Let us hear from you further in regard to it.
- B. F. H., Morales, Texas.—Items published. Think the sketch did not reach us; do not remember; if it did must have answered you in this column.
- E. F. M., Savannah, Ga.—Do not know whether we can use the matter until we see it. Send it along, and if as you describe will give the price stated.
- T. J. H., Elkhorn, Ala.—Respectfully call your attention to our frequently repeated announcement that we cannot use manuscript written on both sides of the paper.
- J. A. Y., Hagerstown, Md.—Much obliged for the effort, but unfortunately photo arrived too late to be of service. Illustrations below completed for this issue. Further by mail.
- CORRESPONDENT, Delaware, Ohio.—Have published account of the occurrence. Would like to have portrait added to, if sent promptly, with brief sketch of the party and circumstances of the crime.
- W. D., Vincennes, Ind.—Item is behind date, and is not of sufficient general interest or enough out of the ordinary for such an illustration as you speak of, but will do it full justice, nevertheless, in our next.
- CORRESPONDENT, Philadelphia, Pa.—Portrait with sketch published in this issue. Many thanks. Would like to make an arrangement with you for similar favors on noteworthy occasions. Please write us.
- L. S., Spartanburg, S. C.—We published an account of the occurrence in the preceding issue, giving as full details as sent by you, and, therefore, as you send us no material for accurate illustration, we cannot repeat it.
- N. A. S., Marshall, Texas.—Much obliged for the effort in our behalf, but we had published the account last week, and the sketch would not aid us in giving a satisfactory illustration; the portraits would have been the only point of interest left.
- J. G. L., Lafayette, Ind.—Have already published brief account, but if you possess the additional facts stated, shall be glad to have the article if written out in readable style and forwarded promptly. Will pay you a reasonable price for it.
- FRANK ST. CLAIR, Washington, Pa.—Yes, it would have been good, but it arrived too late for this issue. As to your question, we repeat that we pay for such matters only according to their value to us, which, you must see, varies much in different cases.
- S. S. T., Boston, Mass.—You will find the article on women murderers, which appeared as original editorial matter in the illustrated paper in question, published verbatim in the editorial columns of the New York Sun of May 29th. So you see that settles the question of "originality."
- J. C. S., Cleburne, Texas.—Could not make out who the portrait represented; had previously mentioned that fact in this column, and could not, therefore, illustrate, without having the merit of accuracy, the occurrence having been already done, and in an absurdly incorrect manner, by an illustrated paper.

SPASMODIC MUNICIPAL VIRTUE.

It is exceedingly ludicrous, at least to those who are not personally inconvenienced thereby, to note the periodical attacks of virtue from which many municipalities of our free and independent country suffer. Sometimes the symptoms are confined to an exhibition of the temperance mania, solely, at others they are shown in an intense anxiety to secure respect for the first day of the week, or, it may be, in a combination of the temperance and sabbatarian hobbies. Take any given place subject to this moral epidemic, and we find, in the absence of an attack, everything going on in average condition of human happiness, people attending to their business and pleasure in their own way, and no one, either in official or in private station, apparently aware that the community is any worse than other communities. Suddenly some Dogberry, placed in a position conferring a little brief authority, takes up a mouldy old ordinance, concocted a couple of centuries ago for an entirely different class of people, living under ideas of society and of the relations of the government to the individual long since defunct, which ordinance insists upon the community viewing things and doing things according to the narrow ideas of a limited class which arrogates to itself all the goodness of the human race and the right to regulate the world to suit itself. Said Dogberry discovers that the ways of the community which has the misfortune to be temporarily ruled by him, are not squared according to this narrow rule and he straightway proceeds to square things by that rule. It "isn't in the wood," to be sure, but our Dogberry is bound to ride his new-found hobby all the same, let the people be inconvenienced by his absurd tyranny as they may.

Our neighboring city of Newark has recently been suffering from the effects of such an attack of official jackassery, evidently a very severe one from all accounts, and the queer little Pennsylvania-Dutch city of Reading appears to have caught the infection to an alarming degree.

Usually the official monomaniacs in such cases are satisfied with prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors and cigars, and in preventing, as far as possible, all outdoor recreations of the people on Sunday. The Reading jacks-in-office, however, go several steps further on the puritanical path backward. Not only is the traffic of alcohol rigidly prohibited, but quite as strict an injunction is laid even on those vocations the conducting of which is so essential to the convenience and comfort of all that they have hitherto been exempt from official interference, even under the most icy sabbatarian notions, since humanity in this country has been emancipated from the odious tyranny of New England puritanism. The barber-shop, the milk and the ice-wagon, the restaurant, were placed equally under the ban with the beer-saloon and the "whisky mill."

A citizen of the place must go unshaven on Sunday, and his family be deprived of the absolute necessities of milk and ice on the day when most of all others in the week the deprivation is likely to be most severely felt; the bread-winner, weary from his six days of toil, cannot take his needed recreation with his wife and little ones—unless he has money enough to "break the Sabbath" by taking it in the style open to the moneyed class which this law obsequiously exempts from its operations; the stranger unfortunate enough to be caught within its gates on that day must go hungry unless charity feeds him—all this absurd tyranny must be submitted to that some pig-headed official may obtain a cheap reputation for godliness or some cunning politician make electioneering capital by thus resurrecting a dead law and galvanizing it into an unsightly existence, against the order of Nature.

The peculiar hardship of the thing is its special oppression of the poorer and working classes. What does it matter to the rich man if that particular day be rendered a dead day? He has ample resources of recreation about his own house. The law can deprive him of nothing. It can and does deprive the poor man of everything that tends to brighten one day out of seven for him. Besides the rich man is not restricted to one day for his pleasures as is his toiling brother, and if he be of such a temperament that the puritanical atmosphere becomes distasteful to him, he can order his own conveyance and leave the Dogberrys and bigots behind him. Not so the working man, whose only conveyance, the common carrier, is forbidden to him and he is absolutely compelled by this delightful legal enactment to remain within reach of the oppression it causes him to feel throughout his only day of rest.

It is remarkable that, knowing all this so well, the working people, who can make and unmake any man who comes before the public as a beggar for office, do not emancipate themselves, as they could so easily do, from the tyranny which they meekly endure from the ridiculous pranks of official lunkheads and the designs of professional office holders. Until they do they may expect to suffer periodically in a similar way.

HOW IS IT DONE?

Speaking of the escape of "Billy" Porter and "Johnny" Irving from Raymond street jail, it

may be only a coincidence, though the fact cannot but challenge attention, that, in all of these remarkable instances of jail-breaking, the escaping criminals are of the aristocracy of crime, so to speak, the cracksmen who put up big jobs, make huge hauls and are possessed of, or able to get at large sums of money. It would lessen the coincidence somewhat if one of the smaller fry, the humbler brethren of the craft, should once in ever so long a while give us a similar remarkable exhibition in the Jack Sheppard line. But who ever heard of a poor devil of a sneak-thief for whom a five-dollar "graft" would be good business, cutting a hole in his cell wall and crawling through into a convenient room in an adjoining house, or calmly sauntering out of a jail yard in daylight unquestioned and unnoticed? We sincerely disclaim all intention of reflecting upon any one in any case or in all cases here in point, but we must say that as regards the discrimination of Fortune in favor of our wealthy convicts, the thing is, in the expressive language of General Grant, altogether "too unanimous."

How She Passed In.

[Subject of Illustration.]

[Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.]

ST. LOUIS, June 2.—A church fair was in progress in the upper portion of the city during last week, and among those who sought the ticket-taker's station, for admission, was a gay party of well-dressed and pretty girls with their male escorts. One of the party was a Miss Mattie Dennison, a sparkling young beauty from Chicago, the guest of an accompanying friend, and distinguished even among her lively companions by her flow of spirits and daring spirit of mischief. As they approached the ticket-taker's box they were attracted by a notice over the window which read, "Children in arms admitted free." The quick-witted damsel, catching instantly at the idea for a joke which she saw in the announcement, turned to her friends and exclaimed, "I am not of age, and am therefore a child in the eyes of the law; why shouldn't I go in free?" As quickly, her escort, alive to the fun of the thing, exclaimed, "Well, I'll furnish the arms, if you'll accept them." "You don't dare do it!" chorused her lady friends. "I won't be dared," was the reply, "try me and see." Not to be backed down, the young man, who had no idea at first that she would carry out her rash idea, gallantly raised her in his arms, strode up to the ticket-taker and handed in his own ticket, while to the stammering demur of the astounded individual in the box against the free admission of his partner, the latter insisted that as she was, legally, only a child, and was "in arms," she came under the provision announced in the placard and was entitled to free admission. With this the couple passed in, leaving the ticket-taker, who, by the way, was a solemn deacon of the church under whose auspices the fair was held, and who was one of those individuals who, by nature, are totally blind to a joke, too much petrified by the novelty and audacity of the spectacle to utter a protest, while the laughter and applause of their companions hailed their triumphal march into the entertainment.

Murderer Ziegenmeyer's Fate.

[With Portrait.]

Alfred Ziegenmeyer, whose portrait is given elsewhere, died in Joliet, Ill., penitentiary on May 25th, where he was serving a life sentence for the murder of William Gumbleton in Chicago, in January, 1871. The case was a curious one, and its detection and the running down of the criminal was a piece of work that reflected great credit on those engaged in it. The body of the victim was found floating in the basin in that city, was identified, and, after industriously and successfully working it up for about six months, in a search that might have discouraged any detective, Officer Joseph Dixon, now assistant superintendent of the Chicago police force, having traced the murderer to Ziegenmeyer, arrested him in Brunswick, Germany, and brought him back to Chicago, he having been indicted upon a chain of circumstantial evidence. On the 11th of July, 1871, the trial of Ziegenmeyer was begun before Judge Henry Booth, of the Circuit Court, and on the evening of July 14th the jury returned its verdict, finding the prisoner guilty "in manner and form as charged in the indictment," and fixing the penalty at imprisonment for life. For some time past his health has been failing rapidly, he having contracted consumption, and an effort was being made to secure his pardon. He always denied being guilty of the murder, and is said to have died protesting his innocence to the last.

There is a singular and interesting bit of romance connected with the birth of Ziegenmeyer. It appears that he was born on the 4th of February, 1880, and was an illegitimate son, his mother having been "the unmarried Christina Henriette Tager, daughter of a saloon-keeper," and the natural father one Von Krause Bendelheim, formerly a rich merchant in Brunswick, Hanover, and ennobled in his retirement from business by some of the Thuringian dukes with the name of his estate—Bendelheim. The girl Henriette was a ballet-dancer in the local theatre at Brunswick. Her lover, Von Krause Bendelheim, finally paid her 7,000 thalers for the little amorous slip that had brought the boy into the world, and later, a Brunswick merchant named Ziegenmeyer, looking with favor upon her face and her fortune, sought her hand and became her husband. Subsequently he petitioned the Duke to sanction the arrogation of the boy as his legitimate son, and a "high patent" granting the same was issued on the 11th of December, 1858. The baptismal name of this boy was Carl Wilhelm Max Alfred, now known as Alfred Ziegenmeyer. Like other boys, he attended school and received a fair education; later, was a clerk with the firm of Deichmüller & Greiner; and on the 25th of December, 1867, applied for permission to go as a sailor, which permit was granted for California, and

until April 28th, 1868. The next seen of him at his old home was in February, 1871, when, being called upon to do military duty by his Government, he, to evade it, showed an American passport. It was his return home that sealed his fate and sent him soon to expiate his crime within the prison-walls of the State wherein he had committed the murder of his too-confiding friend Gumbleton.

Vintree, the Veteran Counterfeiter.

[With Portrait.]

In Philadelphia, on the afternoon of the 19th ult., the capture of Frank L. Vintree, a veteran counterfeiter, who has been pursued through the East, the West, the Southwest, and even to the everglades of Florida, for six months past, was effected by Secret Service officers of the United States Treasury Department. The arrest was made by Agent Drummond, of the Secret Service, his assistant, and a deputy United States marshal, who had a warrant for Vintree charging him with being an accomplice in the manufacture of counterfeit fifty-cent coin up in Bradford county by a gang, all the rest of whom have been hunted down and are in prison.

After the arrest they went around to United States Commissioner Gibbons' office. There Agent Drummond swore he knew that the defendant was the person named in the warrant. Vintree was locked up in default of \$1,500 bail.

Vintree, whose real name is Asa Brown, is a native of Towanda, Bradford county, Pa., and is said to have been in the counterfeit business as a wholesale dealer for twenty-five years.

When he left the rural regions of Bradford he came to Philadelphia, and had his headquarters on the Wissahickon, so as to be handy to the trains. His associates were Abe Clements (now dead, whose son is now in the Eastern Penitentiary), "Colonel" William Cregar, Gurney, Wister, St. Bright and other notorious dealers, whose great field was the Schuylkill canal region, in the days before the war, when "red-dog" and "wild-cat" and broken bank money flourished and was distributed by the cart-load along with bogus coin. Twice he was sent to the Eastern Penitentiary. Then he went to Michigan to try his hand in the West. He graced the interior of Joliet Prison, Illinois, for a term of years, and afterward sought Ohio, and for ten years tested the hospitalities of the Columbus Penitentiary, his offense being counterfeiting in both cases. Then, after knocking around in the South and Southwest awhile, through Arkansas, Alabama and some other States, he concluded to return to his native State. Soon after his release, in 1878, he visited one of the inspectors of the Eastern Penitentiary and calmly remarked that he had the choice of two vocations, preaching or counterfeiting. He said he had inspected the field he intended to occupy as a revivalist, but found that it was not propitious, and he thought there was nothing left for him to do except to go back to counterfeiting again. He had been very successful as an exhorter in previous years.

Vintree's portrait appears on another page.

An Ancient Lothario Murdered.

PITTSBURG, Pa., June 5.—The dead body of Samuel Howe, a farmer about seventy years old, was found on last Monday lying dead in a field near his house, about a mile from Pioneer, Vanango county. The deceased had gone out in the morning to salt his sheep and horses, but not returning at the proper time search was made for him. He was lying on his face with several bad wounds about the head. The first supposition was that he had been kicked by the horses, but a bloody stone and a club lying near led to the belief that a murder had been committed. A stranger had called at the house several times when the old gentleman was absent and inquired for him, but refused to give his name. This stranger has not since been seen and suspicion points to him as the murderer. At the inquest evidence was elicited which points to a motive and to the stranger as the guilty person. J. R. Stillwagon testified that about three or four years ago he was acquainted with one William Miller and in conversation with him Miller claimed that Samuel Howe, the murdered man, had been unduly intimate with his wife. He said Howe had meetings by appointment with Mrs. Miller, that she frequently went riding with him and in short that they were in each other's company altogether too much. At one of these meetings it seems she became intoxicated and after leaving Howe and when proceeding up the railroad track to her home she was struck by the cars and killed. Miller at the time threatened Howe's life. Shortly after the death of his wife Miller left the country and has not been seen since. Plunder apparently was not the object, for the murdered man's money was left untouched. Officers are now hunting for Miller.

Unexpected Reprieve of a Condemned Man.

LEBANON, Pa., June 5.—Nimrod Spattenhuber, who was to have been executed here to-day, was granted a reprieve for thirty days by Governor Hoyt, in order to allow the case to be taken to the Board of Pardons. The gallows had been erected, and the last prayers were being said in the condemned man's cell when the reprieve arrived. The reprieve was granted at the solicitation of the prosecuting attorney. The prisoner arose from his knees and eagerly listened to the sheriff's reading of the telegram. He smiled and said that the prayers of his mother and sisters, across the sea, had been answered. The news was welcomed by the general community, who now believe that Spattenhuber killed his victim in self-defense.

Favorites of the Footlights.

[With Portraits.]

We present this week handsome portraits of Miss Florence Ellis, a very pretty and piquant young actress of rapidly rising fame in the line of opera bouffe and burlesque, and a special favorite in this city of her residence, her success in the opera of "Le Petit Duc," at Booth's, having very measurably added to her reputation; and of Miss Carrie Perkins, one of the prettiest and most gracefully formed ladies on our stage, as well as one of the brightest and most charming of burlesque artistes.

A DEAD GIVE-AWAY.

Mrs. Laurent's Sensational Case Against her
Tenor Husband and the Piquant Queen
of Opera Bouffe, Miss Alice Oates,

BACKED BY SUCH AWFUL LETTERS,

Alleged to Have Passed Between the Accused
Couple, Which, if True, Would Effec-
tually Settle the Case.

DIRE OPERATIC DISCORD.

Mrs. Henri Laurent, wife of the celebrated tenor, formerly of Mrs. Alice Oates's Opera Troupe, has made public certain letters alleged to have been written by Mrs. Oates to him as part of a correspondence which Mrs. Laurent brought forward in evidence in a suit for divorce by her against her husband on the ground of his alleged criminal intimacy with Mrs. Oates. Many of our readers will doubtless remember the sensation that was created a short time since on the first public announcement of these charges by Mrs. Laurent and her intent to bring suit for divorce on the grounds stated. The story, or a considerable portion of it, appeared in the newspapers at the time, but as Mrs. Laurent afterwards denied the truth of the statements purporting to come from her and withdrew her divorce proceedings, it was generally believed that she had been hasty and ill-advised in her action, and public opinion was inclined to bestow sympathy upon the lady and gentleman against whom the charges were made, as being the victims of cruel misrepresentation.

Concerning this point Mrs. Laurent has recently given the following explanation in connection with the production of the letters in question:

"After Mr. Laurent had been served with the notice of divorce at Detroit, I began to be afraid of what I had done, and longed to see him, and, if possible, try and bring him back to me, and learning that he was in Washington I went there and saw him. He asked me why I had taken out divorce papers. I told him that I had made the charges because I knew them to be true; that his love had been alienated from me, and that I knew that

HE WAS LIVING WITH MRS. OATES.

I said that I had borne his neglect and coldness as long as it was possible for a human being to do; that I had consulted my friends, and had, acting under their advice, brought proceedings against him. After denying that there was any truth in my allegations, he asked me to withdraw them. I wanted to know whether, if I did so, he would let me go along with him. His answer was evasive, but he led me to understand that, if I did withdraw them, our marital relationship would be resumed. I stayed that evening at the Imperial Hotel, he refusing to allow me to stop at the hotel where he and Mrs. Oates were. The next morning, Mr. Laurent, with Mr. Kimball, his lawyer, and four other gentlemen, called at the Imperial, and after some conversation and the reading of certain portions of the articles published, presented to me a document which contained a general denial of the truth of the published statements made by me, which I was told to sign. Believing that by doing so I should regain my husband, I affixed my signature to the paper, which was duly witnessed by the gentlemen. I was surprised at this sort of treatment, as I had expected that Mr. Laurent would have taken me home with him; instead of this, when I sought to see him he refused to speak to me, except in the presence of third parties; refused utterly to allow me to live with him, saying that all he would do was to give me an allowance of \$10 per week. Not only did he refuse to recognize me, but he insisted upon my leaving Washington at once. I told him I would go to Boston, and live there with some friends, and to Boston I went the day

AFTER I HAD SIGNED THE DENIAL.

During the time I remained in Boston, which was up till May, 1878, I regularly received the \$10 a week, but beyond this no communication took place between us until the end of May, when I received a letter from Mr. Laurent informing me that he was going to Paris to see his sick mother; would be away for a couple of months; that my \$10 per week would be paid me regularly, and that he would be back in a couple of months. The day the steamer sailed I got a telegram telling me that if I wished to bid him good bye I could do so by telegraph. Mrs. Oates left for Europe a fortnight later, and, going to Paris, joined him there. Meantime my allowance of \$10 per week was paid to me regularly through a lawyer. During all the time Mr. Laurent was in Europe, I neither heard of or from him, and I was quite unaware of his return to this country until I saw a notice of his arrival at Cincinnati, where he had gone to join the Oates opera company. Spite of my contradiction, which had been published, the scandal about Mrs. Oates and my husband had become so general that Mr. Miles, the general agent of the Oates opera company, declined to re-engage him, and he returned to New York. Thinking the relationship had been broken off, once and for all, I hurried from Boston to New York and went to him. He was very harsh, accusing me of having been the cause of all his trouble. All this took place on the sidewalk, as he

WOULDN'T PERMIT ME TO REMAIN IN HIS HOTEL.

I wished to remain the night in New York, but to this he would not consent, and himself took me back on board the Boston steamer, his last words in leaving being: "You've ruined me; get work if you can, for I can't allow you anything more." Returning to Boston I obtained an engagement with the Stetson company. In the course of our tour we visited New York, when I took my baggage to the boarding-house where he was stopping. When he heard of this he at first tried to prevent my being allowed to remain, but finding that he could not persuade the landlady to

send me away, he after a day or two became quite friendly, our quarrel—as he called it—was made up, we resumed our marital relationship, and when I had to go away with the company we parted in the most loving manner, and I believed that everything

WOULD BE AS IT HAD BEEN BEFORE.

During the time we were together he spoke disparagingly of Mrs. Oates, yet they were in communication and while he was denouncing her to me he was receiving her letters and allowing her to write of me in this way (under date of September 21, 1878):

"You say, my darling, you hate to be as you are; so do I. My darling husband, to think just through the evil tongue of one woman and others that they should separate us, but, my darling, the day will come, God willing, that we will meet never to part again. O, what joy that day will bring to me! O, my husband, if you could only see my heart you would say, 'My pettie loves me fondly true.'"

Mrs. Laurent continued, "on returning I lived with Mr. Laurent for five or six weeks most happily. Then he started a company of his own and opened at the Fifth Avenue Theatre about February last. The venture was very successful, but alas! once more was my happiness wrecked, for instead of remaining with me he began to absent himself from home, his excuse being that business engagements kept him away, and when, his absences becoming more and more frequent, I refused to be satisfied with an explanation so valueless, he told me to mind my own business; that I had nothing whatever to do with him; that

"I HAD RUINED HIS HAPPINESS ONCE."

He was tired of me; and one day he told me that I must clear out and forage for myself. The day after this, it was a Saturday, he returned after the matinee accompanied by a young person, a member of his troupe. He was very abusive, and after each burst of passion he would turn to his companion and apologize to her for bringing her into my presence; while she, in turn, evidently taking her cue, commenced tormenting me. After upbraiding me until I was almost driven to madness, the pair left, and I then made up my mind that I would leave his home. I knew, for I had seen them there, that in one of my husband's trunks there were a lot of letters which he called business ones, which he had received from Mrs. Oates. I went to a locksmith and got a key from him to open the trunk, and took the letters out and read them. They shocked and startled me so much, indeed, that I threw them back into the trunk, locked it, and came away at once, going to a friend's house in Fourteenth street, to whom I told all; she gave me shelter, and made me go back and bring the letters I spoke of, together with copies of others addressed by Mr. Laurent to Mrs. Oates. Mr. Laurent discovered the loss of the package of letters, and came at once to where I was staying. He made way to my room and demanded the letters; I refused, when he threatened to have me arrested. During this he was occupied in turning my bureau over, and ransacking every hole and corner for the letters. Fortunately

I HAD PUT THEM IN A PLACE OF SAFETY.

That is the most important ones, those written by Mrs. Oates to him, so he was baffled; he, however, found my satchel containing copies of his letters—which he always made—to Mrs. Oates and took possession of it. Finding that he could not get the letters, he suddenly said, 'Now, I have got a young lady down stairs whose pardon you'll have to beg.' As he spoke, the door was burst open and the same young person who had been with him on the previous Saturday rushed in and grabbed me by the throat. A regular scuffle then ensued, and finally my husband interfered and we were separated. The riot and confusion in the house had by this time attracted attention, and the landlady, coming up-stairs, turned the woman out without giving her time to arrange her dress. Mr. Laurent remained behind and tried by cajolery to get me to give him back the letters. Finding I would not, he endeavored to temporize, half promising to return and live with me if I would only give them up to him. I said I would take time to consider, and he then left. After he was gone I consulted with my friends, and sent him word that I would not give them up. Mr. Laurent then gave over coming near me, but made me an allowance of \$15 a week, it being tacitly understood that so long as he supported me

I WAS NOT TO MAKE USE OF THE LETTERS.

The allowance continued only a short time, while he was at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Mrs. Oates at length heard of my having them, and came and called upon me with another lady. She wished to be friendly, and finally referred to the letters. She declared that she would never—no, never—speak to him again. Before leaving she gave me twenty dollars, which I accepted, as my husband had ceased sending me funds, and I was in absolute want. She once more asked, 'You have my letters?' I said, 'Yes, they are in a safe deposit vault.' 'I would much rather,' she exclaimed, 'they were burnt.' Being afraid of myself, and that I might do an imprudent act, I immediately after the interview sent the safe deposit receipts to Scotland, so as to put it out of my power to do anything with the originals. This, I learned afterwards, Mrs. Oates heard of. Weeks passed on, and I neither saw nor heard from Mr. Laurent. I was in distress, owing for board and rent, and indebted to strangers for a place to lay my head. I knew not what to do, and in my dire necessity applied to this woman who had wrecked my happiness for assistance. It was promised in a day or two. 'Come again.' I went; was again put off. Finally, I wrote to her reminding her of her promise, but no notice was taken. I then wrote again, when she sent a woman here to see me, who said that Mrs. Oates

REFUSED TO HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH ME.

Their meeting in Philadelphia, when he burst open the door of her bed-room, and assaulted a gentleman who was in the room, was quite a scene, for at the very same time, it is said, some one (I don't like to give the name, for I am not actually positive if it was the person report says it was, but of the fact there is no question), broke into another chamber, found my husband there, and there was a free fight. Hearing my husband was in difficulty, and had spent or

lost the \$7,000 he made at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, she sent and offered him \$2,000, or anything he required, if he would only come back to her. Mr. Miles, her manager, told me this."

Following are extracts from some of the most "decided" of the letters in question. The language in several of those omitted is scarcely fit for publication:

"ON THE ROAD, September 3, 1878.

"MY OWN DEAR HUSBAND:—Here I am, darling, going further and further away from you. I need not tell you that I am sad, for that you must feel; but my only hope and consolation now is that I must count the days and weeks that will bring me back to you. Last night, I cannot tell you, how hard I cried, I did not close my eyes in sleep, for I could not realize that you were away from me. I have no more time to write now, as the train is just about to leave. With a world of love and kisses, believe me ever

YOUR OWN TRUE, LOVING BABY WIFE,

"ALICE."

Under date of September 5, she writes:

"This is the third day of the journey, and, my darling, it is so lonely without you. I have never for one moment had you away from my thoughts. If you, my sweetie, would only know how dear you are to me, and how holy and pure is my love for you, I am sure you would feel more happy; but there is one thing I feel quite convinced of, and that is, that the time is sure to come when you will say: 'My baby, you do, indeed, love me.'"

Still later she writes in pencil on a postal card:

"O, my sweetie, you cannot imagine how lonely I am without you. I never in my life was so lonely; and the only thing that gives me consolation is that I am fully, assuredly convinced of your love to me, and that I can stop playing, and my baby will work for me. Won't you, my darling?"

"SEPTEMBER 9, 1878.

"* * * I tell all this to you, darling, for I know you are anxious to hear all about me, but tonight I am quite sick, but I said to myself I will not go to bed without writing to my own dear baby. I am so nervous, darling, that I have to take three doses of nerving; but you know what is the matter. Now, my baby, I will have to say good night. God bless you and keep you from all harm is the prayer of your own true wife.

"ALICE."

"SEPTEMBER 10, 1878.

"Mr. Miles took me there and brought me home. I have not spoken to any one since my arrival except Mr. Miles and the members of the company. So, my own dear darling, don't think that I am flirting; for God knows that I love you too much to think of anything else, and I will never be happy until we have that blessed baby, for that is a tie that I want between us—and

"DON'T YOU, DARLING?"

"PALACE HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 8, 1878.

"MY OWN DEAR HUSBAND—I have just arrived after a very long, tiresome journey, and am sick and nervous, but, of course, you know what is making me so now. My darling, I do so miss you; even this city I used to think so bright looks dreary to me now that I am away from you. You do not know how dearly your pettie loves you, and you believe I do, don't you, my darling? Now, my 'hub,' I am just as tired as I can be, so will stop. With a world of kisses, God bless you! Your own true wife,

"ALICE."

"SEPTEMBER 11, 1878.

"* * * I fully expected a letter from my baby, but was disappointed. If I do not get one tomorrow I shall be so unhappy and worried. I have written you, my darling, every day since we parted, and I intend to do so, for it is the only consolation I have now that we are separated. I feel just like having a good cry to-night, for I want to see you, my own dear baby that

"I LOVE BETTER THAN ANY ONE ON EARTH."

"SEPTEMBER 16, 1878.

"At last I have heard from my own darling. The first letter! O, my darling, how relieved I feel. I sent you a telegram just about ten minutes before your dear letter came to me. Now, darling, I am very much worried about you, because your telegram me that you have been sick three days. What in the world is the matter? I shall imagine all sorts of things until I hear from you, for I don't want my baby to be sick away from me. O, my pettie, if you could only feel how much I love you. If we only had a baby, a pledge of our affection. I pray God every night that such may be the case, and that we can be together and never part again. Good night, my baby; God bless you and keep you from all danger, and may we meet never to part again, is the prayer of your own true loving wife,

"ALICE."

"SEPTEMBER 17, 1878.

"O, my darling, I do so long to see you. It seems now like ages since we parted. I am so blue you can not imagine, and then, my pet, I am very much worried—[Here follows a sentence unfit for publication.] Suppose what I fear is so, then what? I would not care at all if we were placed to have me ill, but as it is now it would be dreadful; but I will not worry you if such is the case. God will take good care of me. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to have a dear baby by my own dear hub, for

"SUCH YOU ARE IN THE EIGHT OF GOD."

During the rest of the month of September letters and telegrams of the most interesting character were sent to Mr. Laurent at the Union Square Hotel. Several of the letters are couched in such terms as render it impossible to place them before the public, but expressions like the following abound:

"I shall be so glad when you get away, for I shall be getting nearer my darling that I am crazy to see. My eyes are full of tears because we are so far apart. I keep myself aloof from everybody, as my only thought is you, my darling husband, that I love with all my heart. And then, darling, when we have that dear baby, I am sure I will be entirely well. I know my own darling must be awfully lonesome without his little wife. Are you not, my darling? God bless you, baby, and keep you pure as your little wife is, for if God was to call me to Him to-night, darling, I could die, and say 'tell my dear husband I

was ever true to him in thought, word and deed; so, my darling, whatever you may hear about me do not as a good man believe one thing—for"

"I WOULD NOT AND COULD NOT DECEIVE YOU."

By a strange coincidence a letter bearing the same date, October 3, addressed by Mr. Laurent to the lady, has fallen into the hands of his wife, and is now in her possession. It is given verbatim:

UNION SQUARE HOTEL, NEW YORK, Oct. 3, 1878.

"MY OWN DARLING WIFE, for are you not, sweet, my own wife? O, my sweet love, my heart has been so sore since I wrote you that letter on Friday that I have not been able to sleep for one hour, for notwithstanding the source from whence I gained the information (who is one you know well), I feel sure, my pretty darling, that I have accused you of what you are innocent. No, no, my love, you could never have kept such a secret from me, who to God is your true and loving husband, bound by the blood I have drank from your sweet body—yes, for have I not, darling, your sweet blood in my veins? O, could I only see your dear, pretty, loving face for one second and tell you who was my informer, you would not be astonished at my listening to it and taking it so much to heart. But do forgive me, darling, do forgive me, for I was almost out of my mind. O, what shall I do? No letter since the 24th, from the one I love alone. God! why have you not written? I am so sick; do comfort me. I must stop, darling; I can't write any more, for

MY HEART IS BROKEN.

I have nothing to do, and can't get anything. It is too late. O, my God! my God! what is to become of me? I am glad to hear you have such nice presents, but I was pained that your letter did not even wish I had been there to give you a birthday kiss. However! I will send you a thousand now, wishing that you may have better health and many happy returns of that day. Now, God bless and keep you out of all danger. Hoping you'll forgive the one whose only thoughts are of his Alice, whom he loves with all his heart and soul. Your ever true and loving husband,

"HENRI."

It only requires the following telegram to make the story complete:

"SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 6, 1878.

"MR. HENRI LAURENT, Union Square Hotel, New York:—Yes, I forgive you.

MARY."

All the letters are signed Alice, the telegrams Mary, and Alice Townsend. Mary was adopted to prevent remark. Alice Townsend is the name of Mrs. Oates' niece.

In concluding, it is in justice to Mrs. Oates to say that she denies, totally, the authorship of the letters which have made a great sensation in Louisville where she resides, and where she has been for some time quite sick and confined to her bed. To a reporter who called on her there, she disclaimed positively that she had never written any letter or note to Mr. Laurent. Her manager, Mr. "Bob" Miles, stated to a reporter of the Cincinnati Enquirer that Mrs. Oates was married on May 24th to a Mr. Watkins of Philadelphia.

The Walk for the O'Leary Belt.

[With Portraits.]

CHICAGO, June 1.—The great seventy-five hour walking match for the O'Leary champion belt, at the Exposition buildings, closed last night at fifty-three minutes past eleven. The following competitors for the prize showed up at the start: John Banks, Frank Benton, George Brandstetter, "Captain Harry" Van P. Castella, Peter Crossland, John B. Dammers, A. M. Dana, John Dobler, R. H. Dodge, John J. Geraghty, H. L. Goodman, George Guyon, "Guy Burns" William H. Heine, William M. Hoffman, "Iowa George," James McAndrews, George Parry, Albert Schuck, John Sherry, and Otto Sallyman. Of these, Parry and Crossland both came over from England to take part in the match, the former being from Manchester and the latter from Sheffield, and both had made excellent records as pedestrians.

The last hours of the contest were hardly in keeping with the harmony and order previously observed, but no serious trouble occurred, although anticipated. The building was packed, and the track was only kept clear by a string of police stationed within a few feet of each other. The disposition to keep Parry, the Englishman, from winning the belt dropped out in several ways, that, to put it mildly, were disgraceful. At six o'clock Schock, who drew off on 100 miles, unexpectedly appeared and took a place before Parry, holding it with a slow gait. The scene grew uproarious, and fresh relays of police were summoned. Comparative quiet was restored. Crossland took a turn out to support Parry and shield him as far as possible. At nine o'clock both received a dash of pepper in the face, which was mainly taken by Crossland, obliging his withdrawal.

Dr. Rowe then announced that any repetition would secure the awarding of the belt to Parry, and a tall policeman was detailed to follow him and guard him. Dobler was out of the lead held Friday afternoon, through being dragged in the evening. In some mysterious way his bed was saturated with chloroform, and four hours were lost before recovering from the stupor following his lay down. At the finish, those on the track stood: Banks 254, Brandstetter 205, Crossland 158, Dana 221, Dobler 265, Geraghty 185, Parry 268, Sherry 242. A protest against awarding the belt to Parry, on account of alleged wrong scoring and violation of the rules, was sent up to the judges' stand by several directly interested in Dobler. Dr. Rowe read the score, and said that to give the matter proper consideration he should not give his decision on the first prize until this week. This may be looked upon as politic, as the feeling among the friends of Dobler was high, and any positive knowledge of the defeat of the stock-yard boy would undoubtedly have brought trouble.

The friends of Dobler charge that the reason for the sudden and unexpected falling behind on the part of their favorite, whose real name is Dolan, is that Jerry Monroe, a notorious sporting character here, became interested in beating him, and therefore got him chloroformed about six o'clock. Monroe denies this, but the evidence is pretty strong against him, and it is certain that chloroform was used with effect.

Timing Him Into Eternity.

ATLANTA, Ga., May 31.—Information has only now reached this city of the hanging of Anthony Collins, a negro, in Reidsville, Tettall county, in this state, on Friday, the 16th, for the murder of an infant.

Sheriff Eason, who had charge of the hanging, had a substantial home-made gallows erected at a convenient place three-quarters of a mile from Reidsville. The news of the hanging had gone abroad in the country, and it is estimated that from 2,000 to 2,500 persons of all classes, colors and conditions were assembled. They came in every kind of vehicle and in all manner of dress. There was some difficulty in keeping the crowd quiet and orderly during the proceedings.

Sheriff Eason provided himself with a strong guard of twelve picked men to assist him in the work and to guard against any surprise. At half-past twelve p. m. he took Anthony from jail, all prepared for his death, and placed him upon his coffin in a wagon. The line of march was taken up, and the prisoner's van was followed by an immense crowd, that often

PUSHED CLOSE TO THE WAGON.

When the grim cortege, almost ludicrous in its surroundings, reached the scene of execution, Anthony was told to get off the wagon and mount the scaffold, which he did with alacrity. The rope was adjusted about his neck, and he was told that he might talk if he had anything he desired to say. Anthony signified that he had, and began to say something in a very low tone of voice, hardly audible to his nearest hearers. When some one called out to him to "speak louder," he said he could not speak any louder. As he continued it was found that he was incoherently uttering some random suggestions of his weak and stupefied brain. He said:

"Take warning from this. Don't get into trouble. Keep in the right, I am accused of murder, but I don't feel in my heart that I am a murderer, but that all my sins is forgiven me. I am going to heaven from here and I want to meet all of you there."

Sheriff Eason said to him, "Tone, (for Anthony) if you want to tell anything about the killing you can do so?"

"No, sir," he replied; "I have arranged for all that with Mr. Williams."

Williams was the colored preacher who had been visiting him in prison.

At the conclusion of Anthony's tangled remarks Mr. Williams read a part of the Gospel of St. Luke, 23rd chapter, and led in singing a hymn, in which many white people and nearly all the colored people joined fervently. The song ended, the preacher made a prayer for the salvation of the doomed man's soul.

Anthony all this time looked curiously about him, and seemed to enter with very little spirit into the devotions. He tried to talk again, but spoke so low that nothing he said was heard.

At twenty-five minutes past one Sheriff Eason told Anthony that he had only five minutes more to live, and taking the black cap he adjusted it over the head and face of the wretch. Anthony continued his muffled talking under the cap, the sheriff meanwhile announcing the fleeting minutes:

"Four minutes!"

"Three minutes!"

"Two minutes!"

"One minute!"

"Tone, your time is out."

A quick, severe blow of a sharp ax parted the rope that held up the platform of the scaffold, and the body of the condemned man fell down with a heavy rush and thud, and swung slowly between heaven and earth. It remained so for twenty-five minutes, the crowd discussing the sight with bated breath, or shouting in hysterical exclamations.

A Homocidal Butcher's Desperate Freak.

LEBANON, Pa., June 2.—William Ulrich, a butcher, who once did a thriving business in this hamlet be-



FAVORITES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS—MISS CARRIE PERKINS, BURLESQUE ARTISTE AND VOCALIST.—SEE PAGE 2.

came involved, and about two years ago he was sold out by the sheriff. Since that time his affairs have been going from bad to worse, until he became reckless and threatened to commit suicide. Not much attention was paid to his threats, but they were today carried out with terrible effect.

A short time ago a levy was made on Ulrich's household goods and other effects, which were to be sold for taxes. The sale was to have taken place to-day. At two o'clock in the afternoon, the hour appointed for the sale to begin, Tax Collector Peter Hann and Constable John Leininger came on the premises and told the auctioneer to go ahead, Ulrich appeared, and with an oath declared that he would kill the first man who would attempt to take an article belonging to him, and he at once began putting his threats into execution by drawing a large Colt navy revolver from his pocket, and shooting Leininger in the abdomen. An ugly and is feared a fatal wound was inflicted. Ulrich then turned on Hann, who was running to get away from the infuriated man, and fired. The ball grazed Hann's shoulder, inflicting a slight wound. Ulrich then placed the revolver back of his own ear, and fired, sending the ball through his head. He fell to the ground and died instantly. Ulrich was about thirty-seven years of age. He leaves a wife and five children in destitute circumstances. He served through the civil war in the Twelfth Pennsylvania Cavalry. His wife says that he told her that in case he committed suicide he wanted to be buried in Mount Lebanon Cemetery as a soldier.

Lynched Upon Suspicion.

LEAVENWORTH, Kans., May 29.—Another chapter to the horrible story of the murder of the widow Costello, at Easton on the 14th of this month, was added early this morning, when a band of masked men entered the house of Murray, who was accused of the murder and under bond to appear before the district court for trial, and taking him to a tree about a mile and a half from his house, hanged him, his body being found this morning by a constable. The murder of the woman was a most horrible one, and from every appearance the purpose was not robbery but revenge.

Between twelve and one o'clock this morning a body of masked men rapped at Murray's door, and in response to the question as to what was wanted, they replied that they wanted to see him. He and his wife came down stairs and opened the door, when the men rushed in and secured him. Leaving four of their number behind to guard the wife, they took the victim to a tree about a mile and a half from his house, and hanged him. After the lapse of a short time, the guard over the wife released her, and came off. Every member of the lynching party was masked. As soon as she was released, the wife, apprehending some violence to her husband, ran and aroused a relative living near, but he was afraid of the vigilantes. In the morning Murray's body was found hanging to the tree.

The scene of the hanging is about fifteen miles west of here, on the line of the Kansas City Central railroad. Murray was a farmer, and had borne a good reputation, although the facts as brought out against him at the preliminary examination were very damaging. He had had a quarrel with the murdered woman a short time before the murder was committed, but there was nothing conclusive in the evidence to show that he was really the murderer.

Justice at Full Speed.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., June 2.—Four men, giving their names as William Gibson, William K. Bennett, Joseph Cooper and Frank Young, of New York, made an unsuccessful attempt to rob the National Union Bank on Friday last. They were arrested, and, being tried to-day, were sentenced to four months' imprisonment each, and if the fine is not paid at the expiration of four months they are to stay two months longer.



REMARKABLE NIGHT ADVENTURE OF A PROMINENT PHYSICIAN OF ELIZABETHTOWN, IND.—ATTIRED IN THE SIMPLE RAIMENT OF THE COUCH HE GIVES CHASE TO A BURGLAR WHO HAD AROUSED HIM FROM HIS SLUMBERS, AND WHO PROVES TO BE A FEMALE AND A NEAR NEIGHBOR.—SEE PAGE 5.

A Physician's Night Adventure with a Female Burglar.

[With Illustrations.]
[Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.]

ELIZABETHTOWN, Ind., May 30.—A widely known physician of this place met with a strange adventure a few nights since. Some time before daybreak he was awakened by a noise in the room adjoining that in which he slept. Upon listening attentively a few moments he became convinced that it proceeded from some one bent on burglary. Fired by this conviction, he sprang out of bed, seized his revolver and made for the door, which he reached just in time to see a human figure making a rapid exit. The doctor presented his pistol and boldly called out, "Stop, or I'll shoot." By this time the burglar was around the corner. The doctor followed, though clothed in the simplest possible manner, his raiment consisting, in fact, merely of the nether garment appropriate only as the attire for the couch. Now the doctor is a very modest man, but, having been victimized several times recently by burglars, he resolved, notwithstanding the scantiness of his apparel, to follow up the mysterious prowler. A few rapid strides brought him alongside of the fugitive, who immediately dropped upon her knees and, clasping her hands, begged piteously for mercy. Judge of the valiant physician's surprise to find that the female burglar was a near neighbor, with whom he was well acquainted, but who had for a long time been suspected of ways that are dark. With pistol in hand, the doctor tried to compel her to return to his house and thence to the magistrate's office, forgetful, in the excitement of the occasion, of the novelty of his costume. The alleged "female crackman," however, was extremely loth to comply and begged off most energetically, when, suddenly, the situation dawned upon the hitherto innocently unconscious medicine man, he abruptly abandoned the argument without further comment and blushing hastened to the house.

Died in Defense of His Trust.

MONTREAL, June 1.—Montreal is in a ferment of excitement over a terrible tragedy which occurred yesterday morning. It appears that while Policeman Beauregard was patrolling his beat in the vicinity of J. T. Morey's livery stables, LaGauchetiere street, at two a.m., he was startled by a cry of "Murder! murder!" and upon running up to the spot he found flames rising from the stables in volumes. He sprang the telegraph alarm, and hastening back endeavored to open the main door. As he got the door open the figure of a man came toward him through the dense smoke and grappled with him. Getting clear of the building the policeman found to his horror that his assailant was covered with blood, which fairly spouted from

SEVERAL Gaping WOUNDS.

Two of these were on the back of the neck and another on the back of the head. "My God, what is the matter with you?" said the officer. "Let me go; my business is in there," said the wounded man, who proved to be Alphonse Quenneville, watchman of the premises. Turning, he tried to get into the burning



1—George Farry, of Manchester England, the winner. 2—Peter Crossland, of Sheffield, England, a leading contestant in the match.
THE PEDESTRIAN TOURNAMENT FOR THE O'LEARY CHAMPION BELT; CHICAGO.—SEE PAGE 3.

building, but the policeman said he must go to the hospital, and the poor fellow yielded, muttering, "Well, I stopped them, anyway, if they did cut me."

By this time the fire brigade were at work with the flames, and, after a sharp piece of work, succeeded in confining the fire to the carriage-room. About thirty horses had been stampeded into the streets by the firemen in order to save them.

An examination of the premises was made. Upon entering the office of the establishment a ghastly spectacle met the eye. There are two telephones in the office, one connected with the Ottawa and the other with the Windsor Hotel, both of which are supplied with carriages by Mr. Morey. The wall near the former was spattered with blood, as though it had been spurted there with a hose, while at the door leading to the street large gouts of it were found, and upon the floor

BLOOD IN POOLS WAS FOUND.

The large upright coal stove, weighing half a ton, had been overturned, the windows were smashed, pictures torn down, chairs overturned and the place generally wrecked, as though there had been a struggle between giants. Turn wherever they would the eyes of the spectator saw splashes of blood. It covered the door handle, where Quenneville had doubtless tried to escape, and the murderous instrument of his destruction was found covered with clots of it. In a corner of the room lay a dumbbell weighing about eight pounds, which had smashed in his skull. Coal oil had been plentifully sprinkled about the premises, and some eighteen splendid carriages, including that in which Lord Lorne and the Princess Louise drove while here, were utterly ruined.

When the affair became known thousands flocked to the scene, and inquiry from Mr. Morey showed that

the carters of the city, with whom he had been in competition, were doubtless the parties who had committed the deed in spite toward him. He said,

"IT IS THE OLD STORY—LABOR AGAINST CAPITAL." The utmost sympathy was felt for poor Quenneville, who had a wife and three children, and who was a jolly, good-natured Frenchman, with not an enemy in the world. But when it became known that he had succumbed to the terrible nature of his wounds popular indignation would have given the villains a taste of Judge Lynch had they been able to get them.

As to who the murderers are nothing is known positively, except that there must have been four or five of them. The most likely theory of the affair is that the villains entered by the rear of the building, and were in the act of firing the premises when Quenneville discovered them; that he then jumped to the Ottawa Hotel telephone to give the alarm, and while thus engaged was stabbed from behind; that he then turned and had a struggle with the fiends, and in the course of this was

REACHED WITH THE DUMBBELL.

He was stunned by the shock, but upon coming to himself heard the policeman at the door, and being a man of extraordinary strength, was able to reach the door and get out.

Coroner Jones and the jury viewed the body on the afternoon of the occurrence. It presented a fearful appearance. There are two wounds in the neck, each about three-quarters of an inch wide, and one immediately under the left shoulder blade, three inches deep, while the back of his head was literally smashed into a jelly and the eyes were blackened and the face bruised. How he lived seven hours with such injuries is a puzzle to the doctors. The police traced coal oil from the rear of Morey's stables to the Juror

street police station door and there lost scent. They believe that there are several carters mixed up in the affair and that the perpetrators will be known. So far no arrests have been made, although many are under surveillance.

Dramatic Episode at a Wedding.

[Subject of Illustration.]

CINCINNATI, May 31.—John Weamer, a young man living at 64 Hughes street, was arrested day before yesterday and brought before Squire Anthony on a charge of bastardy, preferred by Bertha Glacke, living at 73 on the same street. Yesterday was an important day to the young man, as he was to play a leading part in two great events, one his trial on the charge mentioned and the other his wedding to a young girl, whose name it is not necessary to mention. Suffice it to say that it was not the girl who brought the suit. When the hour for trial arrived Weamer was not at the reason that he at that particular moment was standing in front of the altar of one of the German Protestant Churches listening to the marriage service with great interest and making suitable responses. When the juncture arrived where he was about to say "I will," Bertha Glacke rushed up the aisle, and, with cries of "Stop it!" "Stop it!" laid the baby at his feet. Then was the confusion great. Weamer tried to explain matters to the minister, but it was useless, as the irate divine closed his book with a slap and ordered the half-married couple from the church. They did leave, and, after eluding the girl, Bertha, found another divine who completed the work for them.

Cowardly Murder of a Rival Suitor.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., June 2.—This morning, at eleven o'clock, J. P. Caston, a merchant of Rock Hill, S. C., shot and killed Church Williford, of the same town. They were both young men, respectable and well connected, and had been paying attention to the same young lady. A few days ago she attended a picnic with Caston, upon which Williford made some remark about his rival, which, coming to his ears, offended him greatly. This morning Williford, having just returned from a trip to Yorkville, the county seat, walked up the street and sat down in front of a store on the same side of the street with and near to Caston's place of business. The latter spying him, straightway procured a pistol, and reaching out of his store window, took deliberate aim at Williford, who was leaning back at the time, and without a word of warning, fired. The ball struck Williford in the thigh, where it cut an artery and, glancing, lodged in his abdomen.

Remarking quietly to an acquaintance standing by, "I am killed," Williford began gasping for breath, and in seven minutes died. There was great excitement in the town, owing to the manner in which Caston avenged his supposed wrong, and popular feeling ran so high that the friends of the slayer hastened him off to Yorkville as soon as he had been arrested, and had him confined at once in the common jail for his own protection.



A DEMONIC NEGRO'S REVENGE—COWARDLY ASSASSINATION OF MR. VILLIE BLACK, A PROMINENT CINCINNATI TOBACCO MERCHANT, IN HIS OFFICE, BY GEORGE PRICE, A NEGRO LABORER, WHO HAD BEEN DISCHARGED FROM HIS EMPLOY FOR STEALING.—SEE PAGE 12.

POCOMOKE'S PHENOMENON.

Trial of Miss Lillie Duer, the Female What-is-It, for the Murder of her Dearest Friend, Miss Hearn, to Whom she Wished

TO BE A WOMAN HUSBAND.

Desperate Struggle Between Counsel Over the Effort to Admit Miss Hearn's Dying Declaration That

IT WAS DESIGN, NOT ACCIDENT.

[With Illustrations and Portraits.]

The trial of Miss Lillie Duer for the murder of her dearest friend, Miss Ella Hearn, by shooting her with a revolver, at Pocomoke City, Md., November 5th, 1878, commenced in the Worcester County Court-house, Snow Hill, Md., on the 29th ult. Full details of the shooting and the curious attendant circumstances were given in the preceding issue. We propose this week to give only a comprehensive summary of the leading points in the court proceedings up to the time of going to press, with such additional facts as have been developed during the week.

A plainer and simpler court of justice, considering its jurisdiction and dignity, could hardly be found. The bench is an ordinary high desk, such as may be seen in a country school house, and the walls are devoid of any canopy or other upholstery, such as is usually seen elsewhere above the judicial forum. The seat of the chief justice is a plain Shaker rocking chair, and those of his two associates a couple of old-fashioned parlor reception chairs, upholstered in faded green rep. Just at the center of the bar is the oval-shaped raised dock, but it was not occupied by the prisoner, her sex having secured her the privilege of a seat inside the railing near her counsel.

After the preliminary of calling over the names of the twenty-five men summoned as the first panel of jurymen a commotion at the rear of the court denoted the arrival of the fair prisoner.

She soon appeared at the threshold, escorted by the sheriff, who brought her from her apartments in the hotel across the street. Under a battery of eyes she passed around the crowd by an opening at the west side of the railing and walked to the chair behind her counsel. She was accompanied by her father, mother and sister, who took seats at her right. Despite the effort to conceal her face behind the folds of her green silk veil, its texture was too thin to prevent an easy view of her features, and general surprise was felt at their rare beauty. She had been generally described as not at all pretty, whereas her front view disclosed a handsome oval face, with a soft and clear complexion, and eyes of very dark brown, that were almost opalescent in their brilliancy. Her cheeks, lips and ear tips were tinged a deep pink, the contrast of which with her complexion was heightened by the complimentary color of her gossamer green veil. Her hat was of black felt, wrapped with black and pink silk, and ornamented with a single little ostrich feather and a plain buckle of metal, inlaid with two little strips of mother of pearl. The strings, which were of black lace, were tied in a single bow under her neck, the ends falling down upon her breast. Her dark brown hair fell down her back in a carefully combed double twisted loop. She wore a walking dress of gray poplin over a black underskirt. The dress at the bottom was flounced and shirred at the sleeves, with a band of wide black velvet encircling each sleeve above the elbow, the band being repeated around the bottom of the dress and coming up the side in a straight line. A few bows of velvet completed the trimming, the buttons being speckled stone.

Her age is said to be twenty-one, but she appeared a few years older, and her weight was estimated at 115 pounds. In height she seemed to be about five feet three or four inches, but the spectators could not well determine it, as she leaned upon the arm of the sheriff and stooped in a somewhat ungraceful way in her movement around and across the court, but the general effect created by

HER APPEARANCE WAS IN HER FAVOR.

Even the most phlegmatic of the onlookers were compelled to acknowledge that her thoughtful, intelligent face went to confirm the stories of her possession of a decided, erratic and eccentric genius. The tasteful character of her attire, the neatly gloved but rather large, although well-shaped, hands, and her composed, not to say self-possessed, demeanor, gave her the air of a refined and city-bred girl and made her appear quite out of place as she stood contrasted with the hundreds of awkward and unfashionable country girls who have been her social peers, and this refinement was all the more striking as the eye of the spectator passed over her face to, successively, the faces of her mother, father and sister, ranged as they were in that order next to her. There was the family likeness in them all. She was her parent's child as sure as ever parent had a child; but the mother, while an intelligent and quiet lady, seemed far the daughter's inferior in breeding and manner.

And the descent was still lower when the eye passed to the stolid, bronzed countenance of the plodding father, whose chief feature was a heavy, square tuft of red whiskers at the end of his chin. Still further on the merry Matilda was evidently a sister, but one with all the

SIMPLICITY OF A COUNTRY MAIDEN.

In no one of the three was there any trace of the brilliant eyes of the unfortunate prisoner, who, from the contrast with the rest of the family, might have been taken for a daughter that had been put away at some aristocratic city boarding-school for many years and had acquired metropolitan graces. All these circumstances the array of professional gentlemen at the bar were quick to perceive, and they greatly surprised those of them who had formed the impression from

rumor that the accused was a somewhat ferocious creature with a decidedly masculine style and ways about her.

Meantime the clerk of the court had been reading the indictment. At its close the accused pleaded, through her counsel, not guilty, and, having demanded a "trial by the country," the jury was summoned. The first name called was a most familiar one—Granville Stokes, who afterward became the foreman. As he stood at the jury rail to be sworn on his *voire dire* the prisoner turned to scrutinize him, and the lips of her usually firmly closed mouth quivered and trembled. The lower lip dropped frequently during the rest of the proceedings, which movement, with an occasional nervous tapping of the arm of her chair with her fingers, was about the most of trepidation that she evinced.

HER COMPOSURE WAS STRANGELY PERFECT.

She was evidently unwavering in the belief that she was not to be convicted. The twelfth man was not secured until nearly one o'clock.

The opening for the state was made by the prosecuting attorney, Mr. Townsend, in an energetic and forcible speech. The defense reserved their opening and the first witness, Mrs. Hearn, mother of the deceased girl, was called to the stand. She is an invalid, and had to be sent for to the hotel. When she appeared and passed through the audience to the witness chair, dressed in the deepest mourning from head to foot, she made a profound impression. She proved an intelligent and strong witness for the prosecution. Her narrative of the tragedy was graphic in some of its epigrams. "I was lying on the lounge and my daughter was sewing on the machine," she said, and in saying so she conjured up a picture of the happy home scene so soon to be converted into one of affliction and death. Then she heard the pistol shot in the hall, and her daughter came rushing into the room, "her mouth bleeding and her teeth in her hand." When she was asked what she meant by the latter part of this statement she explained that her daughter had some false teeth. The revival of the affair

STARTED HER WEEPING BITTERLY.

At length Mrs. Hearn was asked whether her daughter, while ill, entertained any opinion that she was not going to recover, and the defense bristled up to resist this line of examination, the object of which remotely was to get in the declarations of the deceased to her mother as dying declarations. The importance of such testimony arises from the fact that no formal dying deposition of any kind was made by the deceased. The contest to keep out brought to his feet the senior counsel for the defense, ex-Congressman Crisfield, who succeeded in having the question somewhat modified.

The answer brought out the new fact that Miss Hearn had despaired of living and had expressed a desire to die rather than continue suffering. The prosecution again attempted to get in the declarations of the deceased, and the effort was seconded in a most brilliant speech by the associate counsel, Mr. Henry Page, who electrified the court with the logic and eloquence of his argument. His address was the sensation of the afternoon. The singular features of Mr. Page's position was his controversy throughout the argument with his father, Mr. Crisfield, the senior counsel of the defense, the battle between father and son.

AFFORDING THE COURT NO LITTLE AMUSEMENT.

The difference in the names between the two gentlemen thus standing to each other in the relation of parent and child, the one seventy and the other about thirty years old, is due to the fact that Mr. Page was made the heir of a rich aunt, who was very proud of her family surname of Page, and, in default of any heir of that name, made it incumbent on her nephew to change his name from Crisfield as a prerequisite to inherit the property she bequeathed him in her will. The change of name was made with the approval of the father, and was legalized by a special act of the Legislature. The defense persisted in opposing the introduction of the testimony, and demanded that the question of its competency as evidence should be ruled upon by the court.

The point of Mr. Page's brilliant plea was that, under the amended constitution of the state of Maryland, the jury were made judges of the law as well as of the facts in a criminal case, and that the testimony of Mrs. Hearn, showing her daughter's belief that she was going to die, as well as the declaration of the deceased to the mother as to the nature of the shooting, should all go to the jury together. This argument was controverted by Mr. Crisfield, with citations to the effect that the court of appeals had decided that the courts had never forfeited their original right to pass upon

THE COMPETENCY OF EVIDENCE.

The first witness on the second day was Mrs. Indiana Dennis, a near neighbor of the Hearn family in Pocomoke City. She is stylish and good looking, with a shapely buxom figure. She wore a black dress, with a white ruche collar encircled by a blue tie fastened at the throat with a gold pin, the ends falling over a cherry-colored bow, covered with a thin blue veil. Her ripe complexion and pretty millinery made her an attractive person to the gentlemen in court. She gave testimony as to the dying girl's belief that she was dying. On cross-examination she hesitated about telling the subject of the conversations she had held with the deceased. She protested that it had nothing to do with this trial, but her reluctance made everybody anxious to know what it was. The deceased had "teased her about it" in one of the conversations during the latter illness. Mr. Crisfield, who was cross-examining for the defense, said he would not press the question if

SHE DIDN'T LIKE TO ANSWER IT.

Then, as if to prevent any misunderstanding, the witness took the sudden determination to tell the secret. It was only that Ella had teased her about her possibly becoming an aunt through a marriage with Ella's uncle, who was paying her attentions.

Counsel for defense—What, madam, and you a married lady?

Witness (blushing deeply, but speaking in a merry voice)—Why, sir, I am a widow.

Counsel—Oh, crackey, that's it, is it?—and the whole court exploded in a roar of laughter at the counsel's quaint expletive of disappointment over finding so empty a mare's nest.

Mrs. Dr. Truitt, wife of a dentist in Pocomoke City, testified as to a conversation she had with deceased before her death, but the important part of her testimony was withheld.

Dr. Truitt, the physician who attended Miss Hearn, was put on the stand to testify as to the actual cause of her death, which elicited a lengthy discussion between counsel on the legal points of its admissibility. He finally stated that he was hopeful of her recovery until a week before she died, when he found that he could not subdue her nervousness, and then gave up all hope of her. In the light of what he has since known he thought her case

CRITICAL AND DANGEROUS FROM THE BEGINNING.

James T. Hearn, the father of the dead girl, was the next witness. He is a dark-complexioned, middle-aged man, with black hair, profuse black whiskers and beard and dark mustache. He spoke in a clear and distinct tone, his voice resembling that of a New England farmer. He testified as to his daughter's mental condition after receiving the wound. He was away from home when she died. She had had a strong premonition of a fatal result from the first. The cross-examination as to the condition of the murdered girl's mind and the value of her declaration to her father occupied the remainder of the day and a considerable portion of the third day, after which Mrs. Clara Duer testified: Is sister-in-law of Lillie; knew Ella Hearn ever since Ella lived in Newtown; saw her frequently; Lillie and she seemed to be very dear friends and were a great deal together for two or three years; witness saw Ella the evening of the shooting and frequently afterwards; on the Saturday after it had a talk with her; Ella asked me where Lillie was; I told her at home; she asked me if she was not gone away, and said also that Lillie had shot her on purpose.

Mr. Page objected to this testimony, and, after long arguments by Messrs. Page and Crisfield, Judge Wilson said, "The declarations which the state seeks to offer are confined to the period of time subsequent to the first two weeks of illness, and the inquiry as to the condition of the decedent's mind must be confined to that period."

Mrs. Alice Duer, another sister-in-law of the prisoner, corroborated this testimony.

An adjournment was had until Monday, 2nd inst., when the all-absorbing topic was the decision of the judges as to the admission of

THE DYING GIRL'S STATEMENT.

Upon this decision was hinged all the force of the prosecution, and popular opinion had it that with the rejection of this kind of testimony the state would be without a case, and would speedily wind up and retire as gracefully as possible. The decision was announced without any formality, and, taking the circumstances into consideration with great economy of words. It was in substance that the court had decided to admit any statements of the deceased that were made not earlier than a week before her death. Somewhat curiously the decision created very little surprise among the lawyers, and the counsel for the defense, against whom the decision is a most serious blow, did not manifest surprise, but resumed their attitude of defense.

WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD OF PARLEY.

During this critical moment of her trial the prisoner sat back composedly in the cane-bottomed easy chair, resting her left arm on the rail and her chin on the knuckles of the hand, with the index finger stretched upward lying against the cheek. With her right hand she kept steady possession of a large palm leaf fan, but seldom plied it for any good in the way of cooling herself, but sometimes in a nervous mood she turned it edgewise and rapped it quickly on her knee.

Mr. Hearn was recalled and testified—He had a little conversation with his daughter on the Sunday previous to her death as to how the matter happened; he went to her bedside; her arm was lying off; there was a small scar on it; witness took up her arm and remarked, "How did you get your arm hurt?" she replied, "I raised it to fend off the fire; I saw when Lillie stepped back from the expression of her face, that

"SHE INTENDED TO SHOOT ME."

The defense objected to this testimony and another

wordy encounter ensued. Mr. Page, in reply, brought out for the first time another new and quite serious circumstance—viz., that Ella Hearn was wounded or burned in the arm by the pistol shot, and that the scar was visible up to the time of the interview about to be described by her father when arrested by the objection from defendant's counsel. The prosecution would show, he said, that she had such a scar, occasioned by the bullet or powder of the pistol, and received in the effort to shield herself by throwing up her arm against the shot. He continued that the state would show that when Lillie Duer raised her pistol in her right hand, she at the same time shot into the mind of deceased with those eyes of hers (waving his hand toward the accused), the intention which she had of killing her.

During the heated argument, the witness and the prisoner, the dead girl's father and her alleged murderer were face to face, and but a few feet apart. They confronted each other with only a little more than the space of a table between them, Miss Duer riveted her glistening eyes upon him.

AS HE SPOKE THE WORDS OF ACCUSATION.

Her eyelids went closed and open in quick succession with every development of the situation. When Mr. Page made the startling declaration about the scar on Ella's arm and the manner in which she received it, the prisoner comprehending, evidently, the importance of the testimony, gave way to a nervous spasm, during which she tore off a splinter of straw from the fan, passed it to her lips and bit it energetically for a few minutes.

The fifth day's proceedings developed the strategic positions of the opposing parties. At the morning session a damaging array of evidence was presented by the prosecuting lawyers, and brilliant work was never seen to so much advantage as when, with witness corroborating witness, they brought out all the

force of the dying declaration of the slain girl, that her friend and comrade had willfully murdered her. For the first time the poor creature at the bar displayed something of fear. One of the counsel had spoken incidentally of the scaffold, and the ominous word seemed to

SEND ITS DREAD IMPORT TO HER HEART.

It was a day, too, of mingled tragedy and comedy. For instance, Mrs. Dr. Truitt, the lady with the kindly, freckled face, was recalled, and was telling what the dying girl told her about the shooting; how it was not an accident, and that the accused had invited Ella to go to the wood, an invitation Ella saw fit to decline. This refusal had so incensed Lillie Duer that she exclaimed, "Before Almighty God, Ella Hearn, if you don't go in the wood with me to-morrow"—here the witness was told to stop, while the lawyers wrote down the words. The audience held their breath. A pin could be heard to drop, so solemn was the stillness. Something dreadful was, of course, to come; but the awful threat proved to be nothing more than the female one—"I'll never ask you to go with me anywhere else." The audience could have been bought for a cent apiece, it found itself so cheaply disposed of by this anti-climax. Had Lillie threatened that Ella should never again "play on her cellar door" the effect

COULD NOT HAVE BEEN MORE RIDICULOUS.

Mrs. Truitt testified that Miss Hearn had told her what a lucky escape she had when Lillie shot at her three times on one occasion when they were in the woods together, and she knocked the pistol out of Lillie's hand, whereupon witness asked why she had not told her father, and deceased replied that she was afraid "Pap" (her father) would do something he would have to suffer for—that he would kill Lillie. But the counsel persevered, and was rewarded with the discovery that still later in the same night the deceased was very nervous and restless, and when a door was opened would start saying it seemed as if Lillie was coming with a pistol to shoot her, a state of facts important to the defense, as going to show the mental aberration.

Witness thought Ella said that Lillie asked her if she loved Ella Foster better than her, and she answered "Yes," and that Lillie stepped back and said, "Repeat that, and I'll kill you;" witness here said to her (Ella), "Perhaps Lillie was only trying to frighten you," and the reply was, "You would not say that, Mrs. Truitt, if you had seen her countenance and the rage she was in;" Ella then asked, "Did you see the place on my arm?" witness believes she said "place;" witness said she did; Ella raised her hand this way (witness showed with her own hand) and said, "If my arm had got a little higher, perhaps it would not have killed me;"

SHE TALKED A GREAT DEAL ABOUT DYING.

The mother of Miss Hearn was recalled, but nothing special was elicited from her. The proceedings of the sixth day tended to cause Miss Duer's case to assume a more tragic aspect when the prosecution, recovering from the check of the previous day, recalled to the witness-stand the father of the slain Ella and elicited from him the fact that his daughter had been closely attended the last week of her illness by her spiritual adviser. This evidence went to the support of the dying girl's declarations by strengthening the presumption that she was in a state of mind not calculated to allow her to bear false witness in her contemporaneous accusation of the prisoner at the bar.

Another correspondent, who is evidently warmly inclined to the side of Miss Duer, and to the theory of accidental shooting, as indeed are a large number of the most respected citizens of the vicinity, sends us the following outlined account of the occurrence and of the history of the parties concerned, which, if only from the fact of its differing in many points from those already given, will doubtless be of interest to our readers:

James T. Hearn removed from Laurel, Del., to Princess Anne, Md., and thence, in 1875, to Newtown, now called Pocomoke City by act of the last state legislature, where he built a steam grist-mill, which business he relinquished for his trade of millwrighting, at which he was quite successful. His family consisted of a wife and four or five children, all girls. Ella was the oldest, and about nineteen years of age. She was a very attractive and pretty girl, fair skin, light hair and brown eyes. She weighed about 115 pounds and, although of delicate constitution,

LOOKED THE PICTURE OF HEALTH.

Mr. Littleton Duer, the father of Lillie, has a family of two boys and five girls, all good looking, healthy and with good constitutions. Lillie is twenty-two years of age, rather below the medium height, dark hair, eyes and beautiful arched eye-brows, high forehead while intelligence looks out from every feature. She has always been a self-possessed, independent girl, and this disposition has often brought upon her the censorious criticism of all the old women in the little county town. She is called eccentric by some because she did not consult her neighbors about what she did and how she should act.

In this connection the following specimen of her handsome chirography appended to a note written by her to a lady friend since the tragedy, is of interest as being, to a certain extent, an indicative of the qualities cited:

*Your sincerely,
A. L. Duer*

The shooting was regretted by every one—no one at the time thought of it as having been intentionally done, and only the opposition of the Hearn family to the intimacy, caused any suspicion of intention. There was no attempt made to arrest Miss Duer. There is no doubt but that the Hearn made Ella believe that Lillie shot her on purpose. They had no idea that she would die, and they prepared her for recovery, and the avoidance of Lillie in the future.

Until the coroner's inquest, and the ill-natured remarks of gossips came before the jury, together with Mr. Hearn's despair at his loss, no one thought much about a trial. The general opinion is that had Dr.

(Continued on Page 10.)

A WEIRD WAIF.

Startling Story of the Impishness of a Little Mulatto Child From the West Indies.

A VERITABLE VAMPIRE.

Adopted by the Former Owners of her Slave Parents, she Systematically Attempts the Murder of her Benefactors

BY SUCKING THEIR BREATH AT NIGHT.

[Subject of Illustration.]

In the story of Eugenie Burton's unnatural acts, which was told a few days since in the Fifty-seventh street police court, is reviewed the old fiction of the vampire which runs through so many tales of romance and mysticism, and the belief in the dreaded Brouca-laëque which haunts the gloomy superstitions of the Breton peasants, receives in it an illustration. The narrative comes from the mouth of Mlle. Elfrida De Vailly, a professor of the French language at the Normal College, and it received confirmation in the confession of the child who figures in it. To give an idea of the latter's history, the following statement was made to Justice Kilbreth:

In the early part of the present century the De Vailly family were large proprietors in the West Indies. They had plantations in Jamaica and carried on other enterprises with profit in the neighboring islands. Much of their wealth consisted of slaves, and the latter were widely scattered through the territory. Mismanagement and other reverses due to governmental changes greatly reduced the family, and when Mlle. Elfrida and her sister were young girls in Paris the remnants of the fortune dwindled away with the last of the West Indian estates. Among their slaves of years before was a tawny little fellow, called Alfred Burton, for whom they conceived a liking and

WHOM THEY HAD ATTACHED TO THE FAMILY.

They were not forgetful of him in their reduced condition, and the young mulatto received an excellent training. On attaining manhood, however, he longed for early scenes, left them and went back to the Indies, where he married a native woman who had received some such educational advantages as himself. He kept the De Vaillys familiar with his career, and when a little girl was born he called the child Dora, in honor of some of his patrons, and acquainted them with it. Soon after came word that Burton had expired, and left the little one and its mother in extreme poverty. The De Vaillys, still willing to be of service, offered to take the child and adopt it, and opened a correspondence with the mother to that end. She eagerly accepted the proposition, and little Dora was sent to New York, where the family had in the meanwhile settled. She became their care at once, and has grown up to be a very amiable little girl of twelve.

After the expiration of many years the De Vaillys were surprised to hear from the child's mother again. She was still in the Indies, and again a mother. This time she wrote her daughter was a lovely little girl, so light in color that she was

A MARVEL IN THAT REGION.

She asked that the little girl be taken in charge by the family as the other had been. Her proposal was coolly received, but she was not to be satisfied with denials. Letter after letter came from her, describing the little creature's perfections and her fitness for a better fate than she could ever hope for at home. She even inclosed locks of reddish hair to attest the lightness of the child's complexion, and in other ways strove to win her reception in New York. To get rid of the woman's importunities the De Vaillys yielded at last, and \$35 in gold was sent to her to pay the little one's passage to this city. In March of 1877 they went to the vessel to receive the little West Indian paragon, and were a trifle taken aback at what awaited them. A child of seven years was there—a puny little creature, with a pretty face, strange black eyes and dark hair, which retained in its ripples a marked trace of the ancestral tinge. It was a quadron, differing in no other respect from other mongrel children except in its extreme diffidence. Not a word could be got of the little stranger by questions or caresses, except a fixed brooding look and an occasional pout of the lips. It took some time for them to assure themselves that she was not actually dumb.

Once at home they set about training her, and in some things Eugenie Eliza Burton was an apt pupil. She learned to read and write and

PROVED HERSELF CUNNING ENOUGH AT TIMES.

But there her good qualities ceased and the De Vaillys came to understand that they had introduced a veritable *enfant terrible* to their hearth. Eugenie was sullen, she was self-willed, she was as mischievous as a kitten, she could storm like a terrier, scratch and bite like a little tigress and deal a blow with her tiny, yellow fist that one could feel. If there was one thing she could use with better address than another it was her teeth. That little semi-circle of molars was imprinted in all sorts of improbable places about the house. In chair-backs, fancy stands and even less susceptible material it left its mark, and that tiny row of ivories would rend a bed-quilt, tear a piece of matting and dig big holes in a mattress with ease. She was restive one night, and they put a couple of chairs beside the bed to keep her in. She bit through the cushions and tore the coverlet to tatters. Another time they chided her and she put the end of an embroidered piano cover in her mouth and had it in twain in a jiffy. She was interrupted while consuming a potful of rhubarb, and she recaptured the vessel and smeared herself with the contents from top to toe. When discovered in any mischief she would either flatly deny it or as flatly admit and sullenly submit to the consequences. Mlle. De Vailly caught her tearing to pieces a fifty dollar floral present she had re-

ceived from her pupils, and when she interferred the little vixen

SCATTERED THEM BEFORE HER EYES.

These little peculiarities the family would longer have endured, but within the last month they made a discovery which revealed that a strange little monster they had beneath their roof.

The De Vaillys are residing on a flat at 343 East Fifty-fifth street, and Eugenie and her half-sister, Dora, slept in rooms close to Mlle. Elfrida's. For some time the latter has been awakened at night by a strange sensation in her throat and an oppression on the lungs which she could not account for. One night she awoke to discover Eugenie moving about and she sent her to sleep with the other little girl. Some time passed and then Mlle. De Vailly was aroused by a creaking of the bed in the children's room. She turned about and saw reflected in the mirror there a sight that for a while puzzled her: Eugenie was crouching on the other child's body, her fingers were passed around her throat and her own lips touching the mouth were sucking in Dora's breath in a way that seemed to cause her a painful effort. The little creature was trying to smother her sister. When Mlle. De Vailly appeared she stoutly denied she had been doing anything and maintained this so persistently that they lost sight of it. A short time since, however, Mlle. Elfrida, who has by fits and starts awakened with the same unaccountable sensations as before, opened her eyes in the middle of the night to find Eugenie

COILED LIKE A SERPENT OVER HER.

The child's fingers were squeezing her windpipe and she was engaged in blowing into her throat. When she moved, the child, with a peevish pinch, relinquished her hold, bounded to the floor and made off to bed. They aroused her there and questioned her for a long time in vain. But at last this girl of seven yielded, and told them that her purpose was to kill them all. She thought that by pressing their windpipe and blowing into their throats she could choke them or else could suck their breath away. When they chided her she pondered for a while and then broke out with, "Oh, what a fool I was! If I had thought of a carving-knife how easily I could have done it!"

On being further catechised she told the story which she repeated to Justice Kilbreth in court. In her home in the West Indies her mother had brought her up to understand that she would one day go away to some ladies who had a great deal of wealth and property, and was told that when they would die it would all belong to her. When she saw the flowers and ornaments in her New York abode she made up her mind to act on her mother's hint and gain possession at once by

TAKING THE LIVES OF HER BENEFACTORS.

Something suggested the breath as the principle of life, or else, acting on some monstrous instinct, she set to destroy them by consuming it herself and by turns "pinching their throats and blowing in them," as she puts it. Once she had disposed of them she intended to send for her mother. Her sister Dora she wanted to kill, too, but if she failed she proposed driving her away when she had put an end to the others. Eugenie, as she appeared in court, seemed a frail little girl, with an olive skin, large, staring eyes and the smallest voice imaginable. Mlle. De Vailly said she was afraid to keep her any longer, and the justice sent to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children to inquire what disposition could be made of her.

CURIOSITIES IN A BLAZE.

Burning of the Bowery Museum and Consequent Peril of the Odd Folks on Exhibition. The Armless and Legless Man's Marvelous Agility and Narrow Escape from Roasting.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On Monday night, 2nd inst., at about a quarter of eleven, Bunnell's New American Museum was discovered to be in flames. The show had been closed barely a quarter of an hour and no one was in the building except those who were in the habit of sleeping in it. These were Walter H. Stewart, the "no armed man," Charles Barber, an usher, and Edward Doyle, the driver of the advertising wagon. They were gathered in Stewart's room, which was in the second-story front. To this fact they owe their escape, as the inflammable nature of the fixtures and properties of the place caused the flames to extend with rapidity.

STEWART'S ESCAPE WAS NARROW AS IT WAS.

He is very intelligent, and his story of his experience indicates his presence of mind as well as agility. His stumps, of course, are not furnished with hands, but have a joint at the elbow, and a flexible thumb-like protuberance in place of a forearm. His limbs are short and undeveloped, reaching only half way to the knee of a man of his frame and build. He weighs 150 pounds, and is powerful.

Driven out by the flames, he had not even time to catch up \$200 that was in the opposite side of the room, or his jewelry and wardrobe. He ran to the front windows. The first one he was unable to open, but the second yielded to his efforts, although he had to hold his breath to avoid suffocation. As he opened it the flames, fanned by a draught from below, followed him out. The window had no sash-weight, and he was delayed in getting through, and even when once outside he caught the flesh of his thigh on a spike and hung

HELPLESSLY DANGLING HEAD DOWNWARD.

The flames were bursting from the window, and the canvas signs that lined the front of the building were ablaze.

Stewart remained in this position for two minutes, and was rescued by Frederick Clark, of Boston, an old volunteer fireman. All this occurred while the firemen, whose response to the alarm was very prompt, were getting to the spot. They found the entire building, a five-story brick structure, in a mass of flame that lit the stormy sky. The great store of oil paintings, scenery, wax and papier mache work caused the fierceness of the flame, which under a

flood of water was subdued before the building was seriously damaged. The trained pig, Toby, was burned in his cage, which was near the highly inflammable "Infernal Regions Cage." He was valued at \$500. Other properties belonging to the exhibitors of the one-pound baby, the St. Benoit twins and minor attractions of the show were burned.

Inside the front door was a painted wooden screen, and about the entrance were quantities of paper and canvas signs bearing

LEGENDS OF THE AMAZING THINGS WITHIN.

These caught readily from the first outburst of flame, which shot out the doorway in a singularly short space of time after the discovery of the fire, and immediately the big pictorial designs on the front of the building, and a variety of woodwork and fixtures of various kinds with which the upper stories were decorated were blazing furiously. The numerous colored glass globes were shattered, the plate glass windows crashed out on the pavement and the scorching heat drove the spectators away to the shelter of the doorways opposite.

As the trains on the elevated railroad came by the excitement of the passengers was manifest from the street below. They could be seen crowding to the windows, but both they and the conductors beat a hasty retreat from a volume of flame that reached the sides of the cars, and would undoubtedly have burned severely anything that projected on that side.

When the engines arrived the fire had gained full headway inside, and was burning furiously; but the material on the outside, that had made so great a blaze, had been consumed, and had dropped in a pile of sparks and embers on the sidewalk.

WOEFUL WIND.

Frightful Devastation and Loss of Life by a Terrible Cyclone on the Fertile Plains of the West.

St. Louis, June 1.—A terrible cyclone passed over portions of Kansas, Nebraska and Missouri on the evening of Friday, 30th ult. It began to storm on Thursday. At about six o'clock on Friday evening the rain suddenly ceased. A large, sullen-looking cloud was noticed just east of the town of Frankfort, on the line of the central branch of the Union Pacific railroad west of Atchison. The cloud was funnel-shaped, and seemed to increase in size as it moved along until it reached the town, when it seized everything in its embrace, gathering up houses, barns, live stock and human beings, twisting huge timbers and trees like reeds, and leaving death and destruction in its wake. Four persons were killed at this point. Reports from other points tell a like story. The following dispatch from Independence, Mo., gives a good description of the storm: "A cyclone struck the earth four miles from Lee's Summit last evening and tore a furrow through the country about one hundred yards wide and ten miles long, leveling everything in its track and

KILLING AND WOUNDING SEVERAL PEOPLE.

The direction of the storm was southwest and northeast. Three miles east of Lee's Summit the house of Mr. Warren was destroyed. Two members of his family were killed and others severely wounded. Further on the house of Alexander Scruggs was unroofed, and his wife's skull was fractured. The houses of Dr. Dunnington and Mr. Underwood were destroyed, but their families escaped unharmed. The residence of Mr. Hutchins was torn to pieces and the family badly hurt. The house of Mr. Harris, near Blue Springs, was demolished, and Mr. Harris, his wife and little girl were killed and three other children were mortally wounded. Mr. Harris was lifted high up into the air, carried about two hundred feet and dashed to the earth, while his wife and child were carried about the same distance in an opposite direction. At this point the storm-cloud burst, but came together again almost instantly with a terrific crash, bounded from the earth and came down again near the dwelling of Mr. Gore, which it passed through, leaving the side walls only standing. The funnel-shaped cloud then rose high in the air and disappeared in the northwest. The heaviest rain ever known in this region accompanied the tornado. It actually

DELUDED THE COUNTRY IT PASSED OVER.

A dispatch from Blue Springs says that Mr. Harris, his wife and children were carried up into the air and dropped at different places and in different directions from the site of the house they occupied, the distances varying from 100 to 200 yards. Mrs. Harris and one child were killed outright. Mr. Harris died several hours afterwards. One of the other children was found in a pool of water fifty yards from the house with straw and grass wrapped so tightly around his head and shoulders that it could only be removed with great difficulty. The child was only slightly injured, his escape being attributed to the mysterious bandage around him. At Delphos, Kansas, fifteen dead bodies were found in two square miles of territory.

FIVE PERSONS WERE KILLED IN ONE HOUSE.

At Irving, Kansas, as far as now known, twelve persons were killed, at Blue Springs, three, and at Frankfort, four. A large number were injured.

A report comes from Brookville, Kansas, at least seventy-five miles southwest of Irving, the town where the most destruction took place, that a terrific wind-storm passed over the country northwest of there on Friday afternoon, doing great damage and killing several people. A cyclone also struck the outer edge of Kirksville, Adair county, Mo., on Friday evening, and demolished about a dozen houses and severely injured several persons, one woman being reported killed. It is not unlikely that these storms had a common origin out on the plains in western Kansas; that some local cause broke the original cloud into fragments; that separate storms were formed from these, one of which traversed the northern tier of counties in Kansas; another traveled eastward, striking the earth in Jackson county, Mo., thence moved northward to Kirksville and beyond, and a third, the weakest one of the three, passing over the country in the neighborhood of St. Joseph,

WHIMSICAL WOMAN.

First she Discards her Joseph Because he Isn't Up to the Scriptural Joseph Standard, and Now she Wants him to Pay \$20,000 for Refusing to Fulfill the Contract she Had Previously Broken With Impunity.

DAYTON, O., June 2.—Suit has been brought by a prominent Dayton attorney in the Green county court on behalf of Miss Hannah E. Dietrick, of Harshmanville, this county, against Joseph A. Black, the leading druggist and Sunday-school teacher of Brookville, Greene county, wherein the plaintiff asks damages in the sum of \$20,000 in a breach of promise case. Both parties are well and favorably known in this city and throughout the eastern portion of Greene county. The cause of action has extended through a period of nine years, and as stated by the fair plaintiff, is somewhat amusing, with

A SMACK OF THE SENSATIONAL.

As the petition alleges, Hannah E. Dietrick, nine years ago, then a handsome and decidedly attractive brunette of nineteen, betrothed herself to Joseph A. Black, a dashing young beau of twenty years, each, as the petition avers, promising to become the life partner of the other.

Harshmanville is a small village, and like all other places of its size, no stranger enters the corporation but what all eyes are upon him; and so it was in the case of two strange women who made their appearance in the little town about three years after the betrothal of Hannah and Joseph. They were of that class of women whom Solomon one day took his son aside and advised him to immediately cut loose from. At this time there were many Solomons in Harshmanville, and nightly did each watch from his own casement the movements of the strange women, and soon learned that their perfumed bed was in a certain office, where Joseph and a friend had free access, and it was here that the two strange women and the two beaus

"SOLACED THEMSELVES WITH LOVES."

Such a state of affairs could not long be kept secret, and the fact coming to Hannah's ears, in order to satisfy herself of the truthfulness of the charges against Joseph, she one day visited the office accompanied by her father and from what she saw and heard became convinced of the unfaithfulness of her intended husband. Like a true woman of honor, she the next day notified Joseph that she considered the engagement existing between them broken, and that she did not wish him to again call upon her. This notification was supplemented by Hannah's father, who is a very muscular gentleman, that if he put in an appearance at the Dietrick homestead again a special decoration day would be ordered for the benefit of Joseph's head. The young man repented, appealed to his friends, who in turn "saw" the old gentleman and talked him into a conference with Joseph. When the appointed time came for the conference Joseph was on hand with a small Niagara in the corner of each eye. And those who were present when Joseph opened up the flood gates of the miniature Niagara, say that it was truly affecting, and that the noise of the falling water was only surpassed by the young man's

APPEALS FOR FORGIVENESS.

He went so far as to offer to surrender his interest in heaven for the old man's interest in his daughter Hannah. His appeals and promises were too much for the stern parent, who knew that his daughter still loved the man who had already betrayed his betrothal, and his heart melted, and Joseph was again allowed to see Hannah. As a matter of course, affairs were readily adjusted between them, and the vows and promises which formerly existed were renewed.

After this episode in their young lives Joseph came to this city and entered the drug-store of Boyer & Black, where he remained until he had learned the business when he bought out a drug-store in Brookville, in which place he has since resided, recently becoming a leading teacher in one of the Sunday schools of that place. During all this time until recently, as the plaintiff avers, the defendant has been paying her the strictest attentions, and it was but a short time since she discovered another strange woman's appearance in

THE AFFECTIONS OF HER JOSEPH.

This other stranger was not of that kind King Solomon referred to, but as true as virtue could possibly demand.

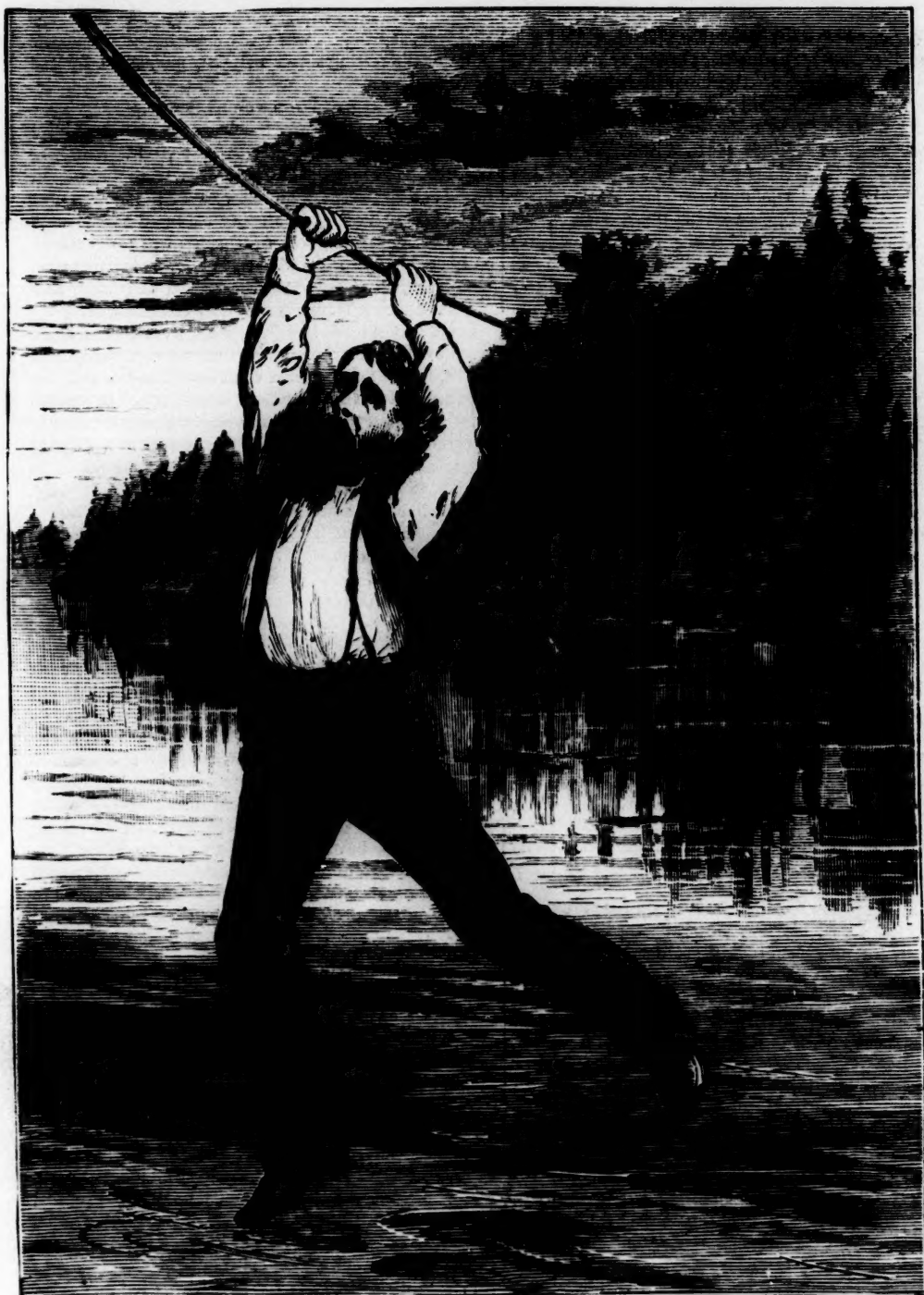
No sooner did she hear of this new interloper than she called upon Joseph and demanded a fulfillment of the contract with her, when he flatly refused to conform with the contract, and that's what's the matter with Hannah. Last Wednesday she came to this city and stated to her attorney that on Monday last she called on Joseph and made the demand, whereupon that gentleman gave her to understand that he would never marry her, and she wanted redress. The petition was accordingly drawn up and filed, summons issued, and the defendant required to answer on the 28th of this month. The parties are all respectfully connected, and the result of the trial is looked forward to with a great degree of interest.

A Policeman Murdered by a Rough.

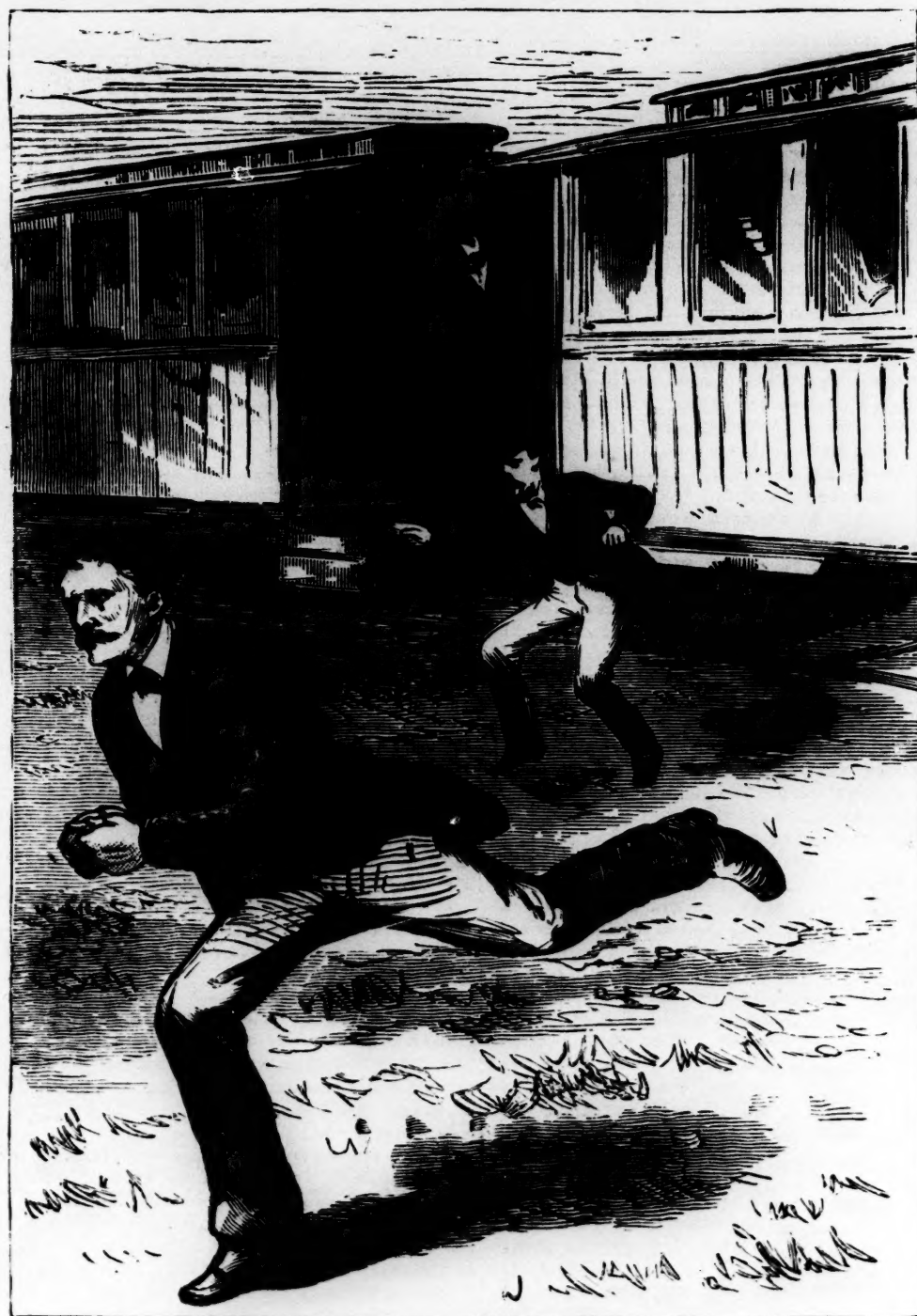
St. Louis, Mo., June 1.—Patrolman Charles Prince, of the St. Louis police force, was shot and killed this evening in the most cold-blooded manner by a rough named Charles Sanders, whom he was trying to arrest on the complaint of the sister of Sanders and her husband for annoying them. Prince was picked up after the shooting and carried into a neighboring drug-store. He had ceased to breathe, however, before he was laid down. An examination of the wound showed that the ball had pierced the aorta. Prince served in the army on the Union side, and entered the police service in 1872. He was six feet and two inches in height and was a man of very powerful physique. The dead officer leaves a wife and several children. An enormous crowd collected just after the shooting, and could Sanders have been found he would have fared badly, but he succeeded in making his escape.



A CHILD VAMPIRE—STARTLING MANIA OF A LITTLE MULATTO WAIF FROM THE WEST INDIES—EUGENIE ELISA BURTON, ADOPTED BY THE DE VAILLY FAMILY, THE FORMER OWNERS OF HER SLAVE FATHER, SYSTEMATICALLY ATTEMPTS THE MURDER OF HER BENEFACTORS BY THE CAT-LIKE TRICK OF SUCKING THEIR BREATH WHILE ASLEEP; NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 7.



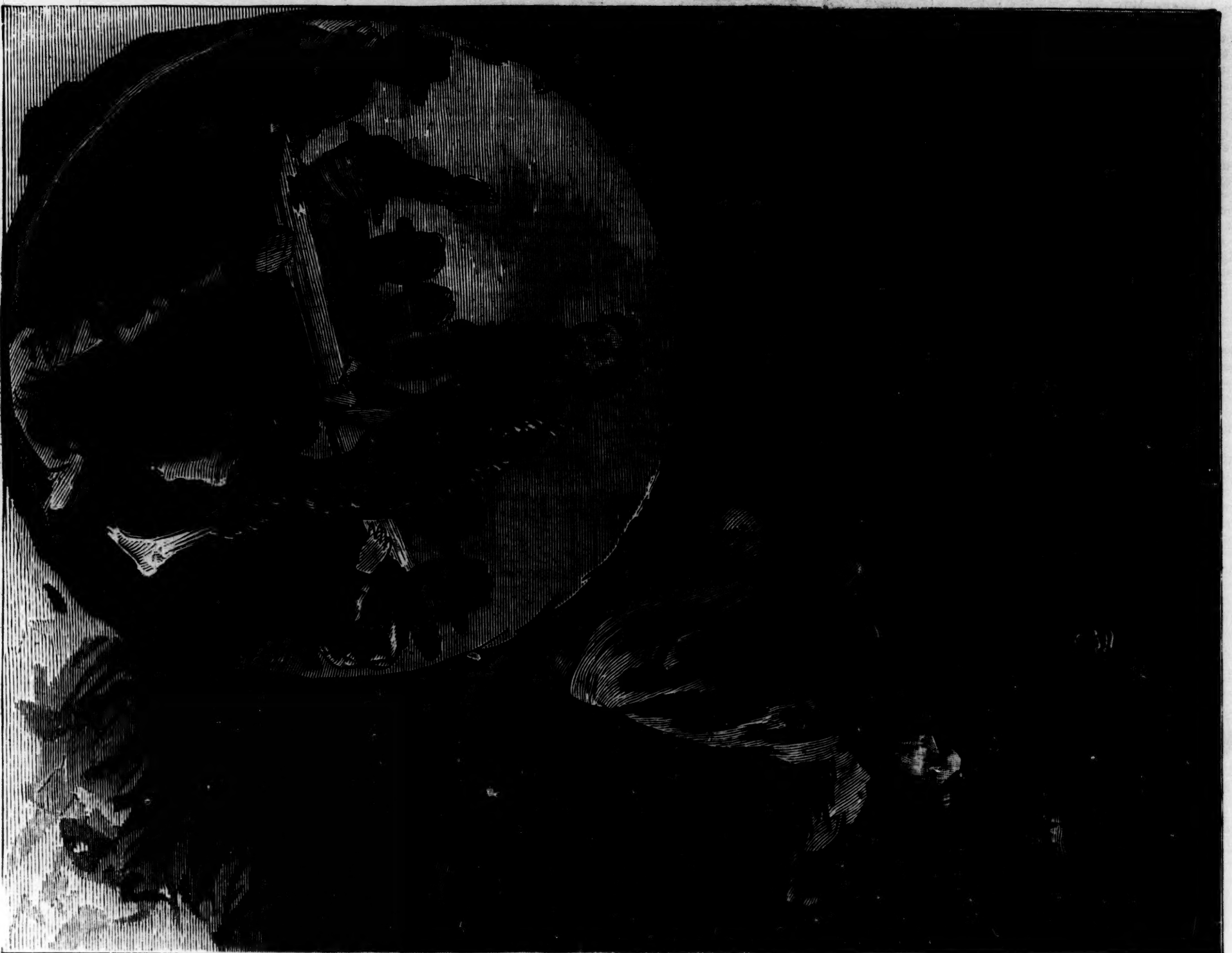
ASA BROUGHTON'S PERILOUS ESCAPE ACROSS THE NIAGARA RIVER, HAND OVER HAND ON A SINGLE WIRE, ONE HUNDRED FEET IN MID AIR, AFTER MURDERING LEVANT BANCROFT, AT MEDINA, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 13.



A RECKLESS-ESCAPE AND A RECKLESS PURSUIT—A HAND-CUFFED PRISONER IN CUSTODY OF THE SHERIFF OF COLES COUNTY, ILL., AND A CONSTABLE, JUMPS OFF A TRAIN AT FULL SPEED, AND IS IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWED BY THE OFFICERS; NEAR SULLIVAN, ILL.—SEE PAGE 12.



DRAMATIC EPISODE AT A CINCINNATI WEDDING.—JOHN WEAVER'S EXPECTED NUPTIALS BROUGHT TO A HUMILIATING HALT BY MISS BERTHA GLACKE, WHO FORBIDS THE BANS AND SHOWS A CAUSE WHY THE CEREMONY SHOULD NOT PROCEED, OF WHICH SHE CREDITS HIM WITH BEING THE AUTHOR.—SEE PAGE 6.



TAR AND FEATHERS AS A MORAL CORRECTIVE.—JOHN ROBERT BAIRD TAKEN FROM HIS BED AT NIGHT, AND SHAMEFULLY TREATED BY A NUMBER OF HIS NEIGHBORS WHOSE TENDER SENSIBILITIES HAD BEEN SHOCKED BY HIS ALLEGED IMPROPER RELATIONS WITH A LADY; NEAR CORNWALL PLAINS, CONN.—SEE PAGE 11.

CURRENT CRIME.

Weekly Calendar of Conspicuous Offenses
Against Person and
Property.

MURDER'S UGLY RECORD.

Singular and Mysterious Death of a Young
Girl at a St. Louis Hotel, Involving a
Probable Hidden Malpractice Horror.

DEALING WITH THE VIGILANTS.

SUICIDE OF A CONDEMNED MURDERER.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., June 4.—A dispatch from Colusa says: N. L. Squiers, who was convicted of murder in the first degree, committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor. His wife took the razor to him.

ASSASSINATION BY NEGROES.

WACO, TEXAS, June 4.—Jersey Allison, colored, was assassinated on Sunday night at Gurley's Farm, in an adjoining county. George and Tom Fair, colored, were arrested on suspicion and released. On Tuesday Tom was found near Allison's house shot and hanging to a tree. Further on George's body was found with the hands bound behind and riddled with shot. There is much excitement among the negroes.

LYNCHED BY HIS OWN COLOR.

EVANSVILLE, Ind., June 3.—Last Saturday week, at a negro dance on a farm in Kentucky, opposite Mt. Vernon, two negroes, George Payne, of Mt. Vernon and Jim Scott, of Kentucky, quarreled over Scott's sending his wife home. His authority was resisted by the woman, and Payne supported her. In a fight which was had, Payne shot and instantly killed Scott and then escaped. He had been hanging about Mt. Vernon, and on Saturday a mob of about twenty negroes went to arrest him. He fled to Slim Island, in the Ohio river, and was there brought to bay and shot to death, his body being riddled with bullets. This was a report brought to Mt. Vernon by some of the mob, but others deny that he was caught, and say that the shots were fired by mistake. The body has disappeared.

SHOOTING AT RAILROAD TRAINS.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., June 3.—Last night, as the Orange county express, on the New Jersey Midland railroad, was approaching this place, a man standing by the side of the track raised a pistol and fired through a window of one of the passenger cars. The ball grazed the forehead of Engineer McKilvey, who was in the car, and lodged in the window on the opposite side of the car, not more than half an inch from the head of a lady. The same night, as the Orange county express on the Erie road was pulling out of Middletown, two shots were fired into one of the coaches. They were fired by a boy who stood near the track and who had a pistol in each hand. One ball passed directly over the head of a lady who was stooping over in her seat. The other passed through the hat of a New York traveling agent.

MURDER BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

LINCOLN, Neb., May 30.—A startling sensation has just come to light in Gage county, this state, though the crime was committed some days ago. James Hemphill and Al. Miller reported to sheriff Mack yesterday, that on May 14th, they saw two men pursuing a third man. One of the pursuers was in a light wagon, and the other on a pony, while the party pursued was also on a pony. They ran over the ridge into the Otoe Indian reservation. When out of sight of Miller and Hemphill, they heard eleven shots fired in rapid succession. Hemphill went over the hill to see, and discovered that they had killed the man they were chasing. They put the body in the wagon and drove through Charleston with it, merely covered up with a blanket. All three men were seen in Charleston on the 13th inst. Hemphill and Miller live in an isolated part of the country, which fact they give in explanation for not giving the facts to the authorities sooner. The affair will be investigated by detectives.

MURDEROUS PICNICKERS.

The congregation of St. Nicholas Church, in Second street, celebrated Pfingst Montag, or Whit Monday, on the 2nd, by holding their annual picnic in Bender's Schutzen Park, at Sixty-third street and East river. Among those who attended were Edward Augbrand, a cigar-maker, twenty-three years of age, and Charles Sprance, nineteen years old, a pedler. During the evening Augbrand quarreled with an unknown man who had been dancing with a lady friend of his. A fight followed, and during the melee the cigar-maker fired three shots from a pistol at the crowd attracted by the disturbance. Young Sprance received a bullet in the left side and is supposed to be fatally injured. Officer Haas arrested Augbrand, who was taken to the 159th street station-house, despite the efforts of his friends to rescue him. He was under the influence of liquor. Sprance was removed to the Roosevelt Hospital, where the surgeon probed for the ball, but could not find it.

A MYSTERIOUS CASE.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., June 2.—The police have a mystery on hand which thus far baffles them. Mary Cahill, a girl of seventeen years, died at the Eutaw Hotel last night. The people of the hotel say that she was brought there by a young, beardless man, who gave his name as Muller. The two were given a room, and made arrangements to pass the night. Shortly before midnight the young man came down, said his companion was sick, and left the place. Some one went to the room and discovered the girl in a most horrible condition, literally bleeding to death. A physician was summoned, but the girl died in half an hour without being able to give any account of herself. The body is at the morgue, and the police are trying to discover who took the girl to the hotel. One theory is that an abortion was attempted in a

most bungling manner, and that blood vessels were ruptured with fatal results. The girl has borne a good name, and was employed as a nurse at the Windsor Flats, an aristocratic hostelry.

THE TEXAS MURDER BULLETIN.

GALVESTON, Tex., June 3.—The following homicide items for the past forty-eight hours are to hand: From McKinney: David Scott and William Rich, both intoxicated, quarreled last evening on their road home and Scott drew a razor and disemboweled Rich. Officers are now in pursuit of the murderer. From Austin: A young man named Goldstine, of Rockdale, in charge of a United States officer at Burke, under suspicion of implication in the recent Rockdale incendiarism, shot himself in the head yesterday, in his room in the Avenue Hotel. The wound is fatal. Goldstine said he shot himself to get out of trouble. From Concho: In a negro bagnio in Sangeles, on the 1st, a negro woman cut and killed a soldier of the 10th United States cavalry. The woman was arrested. John Fry, who shot and killed Joe Miller recently, pleaded guilty and was sentenced to the penitentiary for life. From Dallas: James W. Gay was stabbed four times, at the Windsor beer-garden, by W. Q. Morris. Gay is now dying. Both men are from Little Rock, Ark.

ON TRIAL FOR AN ATROCIOUS MURDER.

BELLEFONTAINE, O., June 2.—The trial of James Barr for the murder of Matthew W. Pollock was commenced here to-day, Judge Black presiding. The murder was committed about midnight of the 15th of last February, at a respectable house kept by Mrs. Lavina Starchman. Pollock was shot clear through the brain with a ball from a 32-caliber revolver. The full account of this murder and the sickening details were published in the GAZETTE at the time, and for the committal thereof James Barr stands to-day arraigned for the terrible crime. He is a good-looking young fellow, of good mind and well connected. The murdered man (Pollock) was bright and intelligent, a skillful printer, and known as the tallest member of his craft in the United States. He left a widowed mother and sister, who are of good family and highly respected. The jury was impaneled, the opening statements made, and the examination of witnesses commenced to-day. General R. P. Kennedy and George W. Emerson for the state; Judge A. M. Lawrence and Gow & McLaughlin for the defense.

A LAWLESS GANG BROUGHT TO JUSTICE.

WHEELING, W. Va., June 3.—The excitement at Littleton incident to the arrest of seven of the gang of Redmen who infested Wetzel county is very great. The names of the prisoners are Amos Homeleck, George Ullom, John Ullom, John Steward, John Hottel, Eloy Butcher and John Lough. The men were to have been tried yesterday, but no justice of the peace could be found willing to risk his life in doing so, for several were notified by the Redmen that they would be killed if they assisted in bringing any of the gang to justice. The services of Justice Lenoste, of Center district, have however been obtained, and the trial of the men has been set down for to-day at eight A. M. Governor Matthews has taken a very decided interest in the matter and is determined to have the lawlessness crushed out. The prisoners have secured the services of Fountain Smith, of Fairmont, as counsel. About fifty men of the gang attacked the house of a prominent citizen of Mannington late on Monday morning, but, finding the occupants well armed and prepared to receive them, desisted from their efforts and rode off.

DASTARDLY MURDER OF AN INDIAN BOY.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 4.—Special Agent Haworth has addressed a letter to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, dated Quapaw, I. T., May 31, in which he gives the particulars of the killing of a Modoc boy at Seneca, on the 29th of that month, by a white man named Albert. The Modocs were so much excited by the occurrence that they were ready to take the means of punishment of the murderer into their own hands. They had been among other tribes of Indians and borrowed guns for that purpose. The agent had a council with them, and on the assurance that he would bring the murderer to justice they left the entire matter to him. After the council he took Bogus Charley and Steamboat Frank with him to Seneca, where he talked with the people. He found them much excited, fearing surprise from the Modocs. They all admitted the cruelty of the act of taking the life of the boy, who was killed with shots from a revolver. The agent caused the arrest of Albert, who was released on \$1,000 bond to appear at Nevsho. The agent says it is very important for the well-being of both the Modocs and the people of Seneca that the case should be thoroughly prosecuted.

A BOY KILLED BY A SCHOOL-FELLOW.

ROCKERSVILLE, Md., June 4.—This town was the scene of a fearful tragedy yesterday afternoon. The participants were two youthful schoolboys, one of whom shot and instantly killed the other with an old musket. The particulars are as follows: Lewis S. Miller, a boy about fifteen years of age, has had repeated quarrels lately with his schoolmates on account of their calling him nick-names. Yesterday afternoon a number of boys went fishing and on their return met Miller, who was standing on the porch of his father's house. As usual, it is claimed, they saluted him with nick-names. Miller becoming enraged, ran into the house, procured an old musket and fired at his tormentors, without effect, however. He then reloaded his gun with a ball and started in pursuit of the boys. Getting within range he rested the gun upon a fence and fired, the ball taking effect in the head of Charles Norris, killing him instantly. A jury of inquest was summoned, which returned a verdict that the deceased came to his death from a gunshot wound in the head inflicted by Lewis Miller. Miller was arrested by a constable, brought here to-day and committed to jail for the action of the grand jury. The prisoner is a bright-looking boy, and had previously sustained a good character.

TRENTON, N. J., June 5.—Governor McClellan to-day granted a reprieve of fifteen days to Joseph B. Cornish, who was convicted of conspiracy in Warren county, and sentenced to one year's imprisonment.

A MIDNIGHT MURDER.

The Fatal Altercation Into Which a Sight-Seeking Stranger Became Engaged in a Locality of Doubtful Repute, Involving a Doubt Whether his Death Was Due to his Assaults or to the Stupid Brutality of the Police.

At about half an hour after midnight, on the morning of the 3rd, Policeman Foley, of the Thirtieth street police, found lying upon the sidewalk in front of 135 West Twenty-seventh street the body of a man. It was carried to the station on Thirtieth street and there the discovery was made that it was a corpse. Up to that moment neither Foley nor the other officers who assisted him suspected that the man was dead. The whole base of the dead man's skull was found to be crushed in. From two letters of recommendation found in his pockets it appeared that the dead man was a laborer named James Brian, a resident of Newark. He was five feet and eight inches in height, of light complexion and medium build. His clothing was plain and rough, but respectable, and his pockets contained the sum of \$19.50. Until the middle of the afternoon the corpse remained in the station, but no relative or friend appeared to complete the identification, and it was then

REMOVED TO THE MORGUE.

Previous to its removal Deputy Coroner Miller made an autopsy and found, besides the great injury at the base of the skull, a contusion and slight flesh wound on the side of the head, such as might have been made by a violent blow, but not sufficient, in his opinion, to have proved serious. The fatal injury at the base of the skull was believed to have been caused by a fall upon the sidewalk. Coroner Flanagan impaneled a jury and commenced an inquest, but there was a paucity of evidence. The principal witness was a colored girl, named Nellie Lupee, who lives at 140 West Twenty-seventh street. According to her story, she was closing the blinds of the house in which she lives, when her attention was attracted by a quarrel between three men on the opposite side of the street. One of the men struck another a blow with his clenched fist, and the man struck fell as if he had been shot. Then the one who had dealt the blow and the third man set upon their prostrate victim and kicked his head. Some colored men standing a little distance away witnessed the murderous attack and

SHOUTED FOR THE POLICE.

Their outcries alarmed the two assailants, who ran across the street, down to Seventh avenue, and there disappeared. To this narration of the occurrence nothing was added by either of the three witnesses examined, and the inquest was adjourned. Brian and two comrades were seen in a house a short distance from where Brian's body was found, only a little while before the fatal quarrel described by Nellie Lupee. There they had an altercation, in the course of which hard words and threats passed between Brian and the two men who accompanied him. By the mediation of some persons present a fight at that time was prevented, and the three men, who were then intoxicated, were induced to quit the house. Upon the sidewalk the quarrel ensued which ended so speedily in Brian's death.

Brian did not stir after he was knocked down. It was some time before Foley, the policeman who found the body, arrived. He made no inquiries but rapped for another policeman, and the two began an ineffectual effort to revive Brian, rolling his body about and "prodding" it with their clubs, taking it for granted that

THE MAN WAS DRUNK.

On the following morning Captain Williams was informed that he would likely find some clue to the murderers by arresting a certain coachman who was known to be in the company of the deceased at the time of the homicide. Upon this information Detective Schmittberger proceeded to 118 East Fifth-seventh street, where he took into custody a coachman named William Keefe, thirty-five years of age. The latter was arraigned at the coroner's office. He said that he was present when the fatal blow was struck, but maintained that he did not assist in the assault but was endeavoring to make peace. He did not know the deceased nor the man who had caused his death. They had been drinking together and they were under the influence of liquor. What the cause of the quarrel was he could not explain, and professed to have no positive knowledge of the matter. He was remanded to the charge of Captain Williams to await the verdict of the coroner's jury. He was subsequently paraded at police headquarters to demonstrate to Superintendent Walling that it was possible, under favorable conditions, to apprehend an alleged criminal in the Twenty-ninth precinct.

Execution of a Negro Murderer.

CHAMBERSBURG, Pa., June 5.—Peter, alias Peachy, Swingler, colored, who murdered John Anderson, a colored man, at a ball in this place on the night of December 17 last, was hanged in the jail yard here to-day. The prisoner rested well last night, ate a hearty breakfast this morning and showed a remarkable nerve throughout the whole proceedings. He was taken from his cell at a few minutes before eleven o'clock. Upon reaching the scaffold he placed the rope around his neck himself. The sheriff had him remove it to allow him to make any remarks he wished. The prisoner then said that whisky and bad company had brought him there, and advised all to abstain from both. He thanked the sheriff and the attendants for the kindness shown him, and said he was ready, and again placed the rope around his neck, which the sheriff again had removed.

Lawless Lawyers.

COSHOCOTON, Ohio, June 3.—A very disgraceful scene was enacted to-day in the probate court before Judge Hanlan. Two of the leading lights of the Coshocton bar got into a quarrel over a case they were trying, and came to blows, when the deputy sheriff interfered.

(Continued from Page 6.)

Truitt extracted the ball it would not have been more serious than the pulling of a tooth. At an interview with Miss Hearn a few days after the affair, the writer asked her to relate the particulars of the shooting. The following is

MISS DUEB'S STATEMENT:

"The topic of conversation was a walk in the wood, shooting at a mark, &c. Jealousy was not mentioned. I was not jealous of her (in answer to a question to that effect) and she knew it too well to assert anything of the kind. The pistol was discharged without my slightest knowledge. Mr. Hearn and wife and all the neighbors thought or considered it an accident. Mr. Hearn said he could not think it was anything but an accident, we were such fast friends. I put Ella to bed and asked if it hurt her and she said it did not; that it was not anything serious; it would be all right in a few days; not to be uneasy at all. Dr. Truitt told me it was not at all serious; that the ball was only in her gum just at the root of the eye-tooth. I called up early next morning, and by the way I was treated by some of Mrs. Hearn's family I concluded that the next time I went I would be sent for. The next Thursday night they did send for me. I went, and while I was down in the parlor she sent for me twice to go up and see her. I went up and she received me by putting her arms around my neck. She told me to kiss her eyes. She raised up and would not lie down until I laid down by her. She asked me what was the matter. I told her and she wished to know if I did it purposely. I told her no. 'Oh!' she cried, 'they told me you intended to kill me; that you did it purposely and would do it again. They have told me everything about you, but I did not believe them.' I told her to go to sleep and she obeyed without a word."

Intense interest has been manifested in this trial, but it is impossible to convict the accused, as those who know the real facts are satisfied that it was an accident, though one which every one in the community regrets.

FRENCH FURLOUGH.

The Leave of Absence on Which "Billy" Porter and "Johnny" Irving, the Notorious Brooklyn Cracksmen, Quietly Sauntered Out of Jail on a Sunday Morning.

(With Portraits.)

On Sunday morning, 1st inst., at about seven o'clock, "Billy" Porter and "Johnny" Irving, two famous members of the Brooklyn burglarious gang, an account of whose extensive "crooked" operations in that city, and their arrest in August last, was fully detailed in the GAZETTE at the time, made one of the nearest escapes on record from Raymond street jail, Brooklyn, where they have since been confined. The fugitives are notorious professionals and were arrested in company with "Shang" Draper and John Yost on the charge of having committed a burglary on the store of John Ibert & Son, 158 Graham avenue, Brooklyn.

Porter has had two trials. On Thursday, 29th ult., a jury found him guilty, and he was to have been sentenced on Monday, 2nd inst., the day after his escape.

Porter, Irving, Draper and Yost were allowed the privilege of walking in the corridor of the jail. They were also allowed to prepare their own meals, and were

GIVEN THE USE OF THE KITCHEN FOR THAT PURPOSE.

On Sunday morning Porter and Irving arose about seven o'clock, and, leaving their coats in the cell, took their tin cups and proceeded to the kitchen, ostensibly to prepare their coffee. Two cooks were at work in the kitchen at the time. The prisoners placed their cups on the table and coolly sauntered out of the room across the jail-yard without attracting notice. At one end of the jail-yard is an opening in the wall, which had been made by the workmen engaged in building a new wing to the institution.

As soon as the two made their way out of the yard they were met by an unknown man, who handed each a coat. Then Messrs. Porter and Irving leisurely moved up Raymond street to Fulton street with their hands in their hip pockets, where they took a car. Their movements were observed by a watchman, who thought that they

WERE EMPLOYED AT THE JAIL.

A man employed in the stable at the prison saw the men escaping, and informed the officer in charge. The cells were gone through, and then the escape of Porter and Irving was made known.

Sheriff Riley was notified by telegram, and a general alarm was sent out from police headquarters. The sheriff offered a reward of \$2,500 for the capture of both prisoners, or \$1,000 for either, as follows:

"Twenty-five Hundred Dollars Reward—Escaped from Raymond street jail, Brooklyn, N. Y., on the morning of June 1, William Porter, alias William Morris, and John Irving, alias Joseph Condit, who were confined on a charge of burglary. I hereby offer \$2,500 reward for their arrest and delivery to me within thirty days, or \$1,000 for either one within thirty days. Will pay liberally for any information leading to the arrest of either of them."

"THOMAS M. RILEY,

"Sheriff Kings county."

Porter was shown many favors on account of his gentlemanly behavior. He was allowed to visit Tim Draper in his cell daily, and received many visitors. On Saturday, the previous day, his wife visited him, and left apparently in great good humor. Draper could, undoubtedly, have escaped with Porter and Irving had he been inclined. To a reporter he said, "I wouldn't place Sheriff Riley in a hole by skipping if every door blew open."

Portraits of the fugitive cracksmen are given on another page.

Boston's Pugilistic Officials.

Commissioners Spinney and Walker of the Boston Police Board disagreed about the appointment of a captain, and had a fight of three lively rounds ending with the interference of the third commissioner.

MORAL MASQUERADERS.

Atrocious and Cowardly Outrage Perpetrated Upon an Unarmed Man by a Lawless Gang

WHOSE PIOUS SENSIBILITIES

Were so Terribly Shocked by his Supposed Immorality That They Tarred and Feathered him and Rode him on a Rail

BY WAY OF CHRISTIAN REMONSTRANCE.

[With Illustrations.]

CORNWALL PLAINS, Conn., May 28.—Grand Juror Baldwin was urged on Tuesday, by a man whose indignation was so great that he could hardly speak, to grant warrants for the arrest of the eight men who recently tarred and feathered John Robert Baird. A day or two before, Grand Juror Read had been similarly pressed to exercise his authority, but was obliged to decline. Both of these grand jurors had heard of the outrage; everybody in town knew of it by hearsay; but when the authorities were asked to arrest the men who committed it, they could answer only that nobody knew who the eight men were. Even the man who asked the grand juror to send forth warrants could not swear that he knew the men, although he was perfectly satisfied in his own mind who they were. But Mr. Baird, who was the sufferer, and who has not been seen since the night that he was dragged from a house, ridden naked on a rail and coated with a gallon of tar and a bushel of feathers, hay, papers and the like, is believed to have sent to New York for a private detective, and to have instructed him to spare no expense in discovering the legal proofs that

WILL CONVICT SOME OF THESE EIGHT MEN.

While no one seems to know who these eight men were, everybody knows the details of their night visit to John Robert Baird.

Miss Lucretia Baldwin, who is forty years of age, is rather comely in face and figure, and believed to have some little property, has lived for years by herself in a little brown farm-house about a mile and a half from what is called by courtesy the Center. There is no center, so far as settlement is concerned, at Cornwall Plains. The farm-houses are scattered at intervals of from a quarter to half a mile. John Robert Baird is a sort of traveling tinker, a Yankee jack-at-all-trades, but his specialty is "whipping the cat," as it is called; that is, with a lap-stone, awls, pegs and waxed ends, he goes about from house to house repairing shoes. He is believed to have saved money, and is regarded as a well-to-do man hereabouts. He borders on fifty years, and so it was thought, when he first began to visit Miss Baldwin, that he was a man of

JUST THE RIGHT AGE FOR HER.

Last winter, when it was announced that Mr. Baird was making Miss Baldwin's house his home, although, as far as known, there had never been any marriage ceremony, the women of Cornwall Plains were especially indignant, and it is now said that more than one husband was told that unless the men folks turned to and drove Baird out of town, the women would see what they could do in that line.

Complaints were made to the selectman, to the grand juror and to the constables, but no law could be found on the Connecticut statute books that authorized the arrest of a man for living in the house of a single woman. Mr. Wilson P. Sturges says that at last some one—and he is inclined to think the person had once been one of the town authorities—said, in a discussion of the matter at the village store: "If the law can't touch them, we must take the law into our own hands, and I don't think there will be any great fuss made if he is treated to

"A DOSE OF TAR AND FEATHERS."

Whether this remark suggested it or not, it is known that a few days ago it was determined to ride Baird on a rail and to tar and feather him. Volunteers were called for. Eight men, most of them young and brawny farmers, but one or two men who were well past their prime, agreed to run the risks. It was decided that it would not be safe to break into Miss Baldwin's house, and that Baird must therefore be enticed from it at night. It was also learned that the act is punishable with imprisonment, and also that the sufferer is entitled to recover civil damages. Elaborate preparations were made to provide for these contingencies, and it is to these that the party owe their exemption from arrest thus far. It is said that every one of the men can prove that he was in some neighboring town, or in some remote settlement among the Cornwall Hills, on the night of the outrage.

The meeting place was an old barn in a meadow, a full mile from any farm-house, and the night selected was Wednesday of last week. At eleven o'clock every man was at the barn. Two carried upon a pole a large kettle that contained a gallon of tar, which was about of the consistency of molasses. Two had a bag of feathers spiced, tow, paper, and ropes, and the four others bore on their shoulders a rough fence rail. Muffling their faces with coarse tippets and putting themselves under the leadership of one man, whose form Baird thought he recognized, they

STARTED OVER THE FIELDS IN SILENCE.

In order to effect admission to the house without being obliged to break in the door, a little boy named Ford, who had done chores for Miss Baldwin and who frequently spent the night in her house, had been taken into the secret, and made to promise, by influences that nobody cares to explain, that he would open the door whenever he should hear a knock.

The conspirators approached the house on tiptoe, and at the door one of the number tapped lightly, while the others partially concealed themselves by standing close against the house.

"Who's there?" came from inside in response to the rap. The voice was recognized as Baird's.

"Is Willie Ford inside?"

"Yes."

"Well, his father wants him to come home."

"All right. I'll tell him."

Presently the door opened and little Ford came out. Standing inside just over the threshold was Baird. He had evidently pulled his trousers on in haste to go to the door, for they were not fastened by the suspenders, which hung down over the hips.

The conspirator who had rapped at the door jumped inside, followed by three others, and in an instant Baird, too badly frightened to resist, was over the threshold and on the turf.

"Don't kill me, gentlemen, for heavens sake," he shrieked.

"DON'T KILL ME."

The pale face of Miss Baldwin was seen against the window pane. She opened the sash and called to the Ford boy, begging him to run and call his father.

The conspirators threw Baird upon the grass, and stripped him of his shirt. Then they raised him, shivering in the frosty night air.

"What are you going to do? What have I done? Let me go and I'll do whatever you want. Speak, can't you?" Baird uttered these words in a trembling voice that betrayed his abject terror.

The conspirators moved about in perfect silence, answering none of his questions, and apparently determined not to betray themselves by their voices. Suddenly two of them ran the rail between his legs, made him steady himself by holding to it with his hands, and intimidated to him by gestures that it would be bad for him if he made any effort to resist.

Then they raised the rail, but suddenly lowered it. They had forgotten something. One of the men stepped aside for an instant, and then returned with the rail of tar, and this was dashed over Baird, who was now too frightened to speak, but simply moaned. Then the feathers, hay, and papers were thrown on him. Then he was again

PLACED ASTRIDE THE RAIL.

Walking slowly with him at first, the conspirators soon began to run. They danced and jostled their victim, lifted the rail and then let it fall with a sudden shock. This they did for some fifteen minutes. At last Baird's strength gave way. He swayed to and fro, and must have fallen had they not dumped him, as a farmer said to the reporter "like a dead cat," in the middle of the highway. Then they left him.

What became of Baird afterward no one seems to know. It is believed that he went back to Miss Baldwin's after recovering from his fainting fit, and the same night went to one of the adjoining towns. Miss Baldwin, if she knows where he is, will not tell.

All the farmers in Cornwall Plains were at work as usual next morning, and everybody was anxious to learn the particulars of Baird's ride on the rail.

Miss Baldwin, it is now said, asserts that she is Baird's wife, although admitting that the marriage ceremony was not the usual one, and she is willing to spend all her money to effect the arrest and

CONVICTION OF THE CONSPIRATORS.

Inhabitants of Cornwall Plains who condemn the summary proceedings are yet to be found.

"The wimmin folks are tickled to death about it," said one man.

"I'm glad on't," said another. "I didn't have no hand in't myself, but tar an' feathers ain't a bit too strong for him. He was carryin' on in a way that scandalized us, and we couldn't reach him by law."

There are sly smiles and suggestive winks whenever a group of farmers talk about the case, and they are ready enough to say what they have "heard tell" about it; but there seems to be a fear that the private detective may get some of the likeliest young men in town into trouble, if he stays long enough, and succeeds in keeping his identity secret—not an easy matter in Cornwall Plains.

Misplaced Mercy.

BALTIMORE, June 3.—John Henry Brottan, a brutal-looking negro, has been arrested at Salisbury, Md., for entering the chamber of Miss Mills, while she was sleeping at her father's residence, and attempting to commit a criminal assault upon her. Through Mr. Mills's efforts a lynching was averted. Brottan had been employed as a farm hand. On the night of the occurrence the family retired to bed as usual—the sons to the upper part of the house, the husband and wife and daughter in the lower part. About midnight the daughter, a pretty girl, was awakened by the negro. She finally gathered courage to scream out that some one was in the room. Springing out of his own bed, the father groped his way through the darkness toward his daughter's, and as he did so came face to face with the negro. Winding his arms around him, Mr. Mills held on while his wife ran up stairs to arouse the sons. The struggle was a desperate one. The negro hit, kicked and bit like a madman. The old man held on tenaciously till the sons, rushing down stairs, threw the negro to the ground and overpowered him. He was then taken to a tree near by and securely fastened. The boys were almost mad with rage, and, leaving the prisoner in charge of their father, they returned to the house, picked up their guns and quickly returned to the negro. The old man, suspecting their intention, stood up in front of the negro and waved them back. The boys pushed their father aside but Mr. Mills was equal to the occasion. Commanding the boys to keep at a safe distance he took his place by the side of the negro and declared that the law, and not they, should be the avenger. The boys still persisted in their efforts to get possession of the prisoner, but the father was firm and told them that he must be handed over to the proper authorities. The young men then left the spot, saying that they would consent to their father's wishes.

Mr. Mills for the rest of the night and until long after daybreak walked up and down in front of his prisoner, guarding him against the expected attack of his sons. Next morning he was taken before Justice Fooks and committed for court.

VAGARIES OF A VILLAIN.

Confessions of a Hypocritical Scamp Who Scooped in the Whole Country Impartially and Lived by Rascality Wherever he Struck, Turning From Jew to Christian and From Christian to Jew With Equal Facility to Suit Circumstances.

While going through the corridors of the Jefferson Market prison a reporter passed a cell in front of which hung the usual prison slate that serves as an erasable door-plate for the constant strings of coming and departing tenants, and on the slate, inscribed in the handwriting of one of the keepers, was the name "Joseph De Meyer."

The occupant of the cell, hearing a footfall on the stone tier, lazily stretched himself on the prison pallet upon which he was lying and gazed inquiringly through the latticed door. When the reporter stopped in front of his cell he arose and came to the door. As he moved the prisoner displayed a lithe form, which was below the average. A sallow West Indian complexion, large eyes, surmounted by bushy eye-brows, indicated at once his southern extraction, which was still further corroborated by his languid movements.

"Joseph De Meyer, I believe?" began the reporter. "Yes," quickly responded the prisoner, "I am glad to see anybody here; it drives away the *ennui*. A good little woman came around this morning, and although she left me only a tract on 'Faith,' I was thankful. Faith!" ejaculated the prisoner, with a contemptuous curl of the lip. "Faith, where is it? She told me to have faith, but

IT WON'T HELP ME OUT OF HERE.

I asked her if there was anything tangible about it that I could grasp with my hands, but she said have faith. I am sick of faith." The prisoner continued in this strain, and showed by his language and conversation that he was a man of some education. The charge against him was larceny by trick and device. He had represented to the wife of Mr. Charles Lilley, of 482 West Twenty-fourth street, that her husband had fallen overboard from a Fulton ferry-boat, and had sent him to get a suit of clothes. Mrs. Lilley gave him clothes worth \$75, which he pawned, and when the fraud was discovered he was arrested. After a long conversation, De Meyer began to mention some incidents of his career, and finally consented to tell his history, which is composed of a little romance and more rascality. In a chatty way he began by stating that he "was born in Cuba, and is about twenty-two years of age. His father was a wealthy Tarasite, a native of Cuba, and his mother a native of St. Thomas. His father was engaged in the sugar trade, and owned the plantation 'Los Camos,' near Matanzas, and a plantation near Bayou La Fouché, on the Mississippi, about twenty miles from New Orleans. In New Orleans his father had a mansion, to which they moved when he was ten years old. He went to various schools in New Orleans, among which were the Jesuit College and the Hebrew Free School, and at sixteen he graduated from the Free School. His father alternated between Matanzas and New Orleans, and after graduating he went to Matanzas with his father. In Matanzas he joined a regiment of volunteers, and then began

LEADING A FAST LIFE.

Then my father was alive," he continued, "and he kept me in check somewhat. My regiment was ordered to the front, and my father paid a substitute to take my place. I was sent to Havana, where, while on a drunken frolic, I committed my first wrong act. I was employed by a large firm and I robbed them. My father brought me back to Matanzas, and I remained there living very wild. About that time my father, who sympathized with the Cuban patriots, was warned to leave the country. He sent several vessels from New Orleans loaded with supplies, and landed them on the coast, where the patriots received them. Secret meetings were held by Cuban sympathizers on my father's plantation, and he also subscribed liberally to the independence fund. The government heard of this and we had to leave quickly. My father's plantation was confiscated and we went to New Orleans. I got employment in a dry-goods house there, but I did not do well, so my father told me to travel for a year. He gave me plenty of money, and I traveled through nearly all the states.

"I came back to New Orleans, and my father died soon after; my mother followed him in less than two months. Then I grew wild, and cared for nothing. My father left \$200,000, and I spent money like water. I had five women whom I supported, and

NOTHING WAS TOO EXPENSIVE FOR ME.

I was then under age, and had guardians appointed over me and my five brothers and sisters. Rev. Henry Jacobs, now of the Nineteenth Street Synagogue in this city, was my under guardian, but now he will have nothing to do with me. My guardians would not give me any more money, and I had to go to work. The estate is now in litigation, as a partition has not yet been made, two of my sisters being still under age. My lawyer in the case is J. H. Ferguson of 200 Broadway, and he is now taking steps to get the money. I worked a while in New Orleans; then I became a traveler for a St. Louis firm. I was a great deal in Chicago, and I joined the Young Men's Christian Association there, although I was not a Christian. I joined for the sake of the entertainments and gymnasium, etc. I used to say that I wanted to lead a better life, and they came to me and told me that they would help me. I at last, under the influence of my new friends, apostatized the faith of my fathers and became a convert to the Methodist Church. I was a lion there, and that suited me. I visited the houses of church members, and was set down as a first-rate convert. I came to Brooklyn about nine months ago and joined the Johnson Avenue Methodist Church. I had strong letters of recommendation, and I was well received.

"I am pretty sharp, and you know the Methodists are an excitable sect;

SO I GAVE THEM EXCITEMENT.

I howled as loud as any; I shouted hallelujah with the loudest, and I was always up around the altar,

embracing newly-converted brethren, and sisters, too, sometimes, and asking them to come to glory. But I wasn't thought so much about, after a while, as I was at first. I was engaged to marry a well-to-do young lady, who lives in Scarborough, on the Hudson. They were religious folks, and I called them my spiritual father and mother; I did that to make myself solid with the young lady. I told them about my prospects. They saw my lawyer, and were satisfied, and I was engaged to marry the young lady. I obtained work in the publishing house of H. & J. T. Williams, as a clerk. Their safe was robbed after I had been there some time, but I had nothing to do with it, as some of the papers lately erroneously said. Well, I told you I was getting a little stale over in the church, so I thought it was time to make a sensation, and I did. I fell down purposely, one night, and hurt myself some. I made a great noise about being waylaid by a Jewish brother-in-law, and severely

BEATEN BY HIM FOR APOSTATIZING.

There was great excitement over me in the church then. I pretended to be terribly ill, and I declined the physicians. The church people couldn't do too much for me, and I kept on working my game. I worked it so well that it finally came back on me. I pretended to rave about my new religion, and I got violent. The doctors said I was emotionally insane, and my friends thought it best to send me to an insane asylum. I stayed there a month, and managed to escape while taking an airing in the grounds. They nearly drove me crazy there. The doctors sent me morphine, which I was to take. I saw that it was driving me crazy, and I refused. Eight attendants came into my room and held me every night while the morphine was forced down my throat with a tube.

"I came back to New York after escaping, and went around among fast women again. I could get nothing to do, and I, finally, went with my testimonials from the church people to the Young Men's Christian Association, I had \$50 advanced me, as I said I was

GOING TO NEW ORLEANS AS A MILITARY.

No sooner had I got the money than I started off with a courtesan for Philadelphia, where we spent it together. I got back, and here is where I landed."

De Meyer showed the reporter the letters from different people, and, while relating the story of his rascalities he did not appear in the least abashed, but seemed to enjoy the recollection of his escapades.

De Meyer was brought before Judge Cowling at the court of general sessions for trial. He pleaded guilty, and when asked if he had anything to say, coolly responded:

"I have temporarily fallen from grace."

Two years in Sing Sing was the sentence imposed on him, and on the 31st ult. he donned the fashionable plaid furnished him gratuitously by the state.

A Pathetic Romance in Brief.

The Des Moines, Iowa, *State Register*, of the 31st ult., tells the following brief, but pathetic story:

Yesterday evening a little man who has been mending umbrellas upon our streets for some days past was prostrated by news he received. His name is John Hinds, and he is from Iowa City, where he left a wife in destitute circumstances, and it was the news of her suicide that affected him so terribly. He claims that he provided for her wants before he deserted, and intended to return to her after a short absence, but the following letter, which couches as much misery as Dickens could do in the same number of words, tells another story:

"SATURDAY, May 19, 1878.

"Well, Johnnie, I think I shall starve to death before long. They have taken my table and stove, and Tom has left, and George has got thirty days for stealing a ham for me. Johnny, I have always been true to you, but I have no way of getting there, and I can get no pass. I saw the overseer, and he said they could not get me any—that I had to be here five months before they could help me. I have no money to live on. The man wants seventy-five cents for the picture, or he says he will sell it before long. If you can raise the means for me to come, please do, for I have not a thing to go upon. From your loving wife,

"ELLEN HINDS."

"Write soon, for I am here alone and half starving to death."

John sent her some money Saturday, but it was too late, for before it could have reached her she had placed her dependence on a surer foundation and rested her case with God.

Bloody Affray Between Nigger "Legislators."

NEW ORLEANS, La., June 2.—A difficulty took place about eight o'clock to-night at the custom house between J. Ross Stewart, a prominent ex-member of the legislature, and Pinchback's brother-in-law, and William Ward, also a colored ex-member of the house, in which Ward was stabbed with a gimlet-knife and supposed to be mortally wounded. Ward was one of the instigators of the celebrated Colfax difficulty, in which over a hundred blacks were killed, in 1872, but since then he has been known as a democrat, and has been employed in various capacities by the party. Since the Kellogg-Spofford contest in Washington for the senatorship, Ward has been at work, it is charged by Stewart, hunting up witnesses for Spofford. As Stewart was a member of the Kellogg legislature he was one of those who, it was charged, was bribed to vote for Kellogg, and meeting with Ward stabbed him and retreated into the custom house, following the example of the returning board members—using it as a sanctuary. As soon as the police were informed they attempted to arrest Stewart, but were ordered out of the building. Sergeant Hamilton, who entered, being ejected by the night-watchman. The affair creates great excitement, and the police swear they will arrest Stewart in spite of anything. At a late hour the police, having received assistance, surrounded the building, and as Stewart was attempting to leave the building he was arrested and locked up. The physicians refuse to state the nature of Ward's wounds.

A DEMONIAK NEGRO'S REVENGE.

Murder of a Prominent Cincinnati Tobacco Merchant by a Saddle-Colored Devil Who Had Been Accused of Stealing From the Firm While in its Employ.

[Subject of Illustration.]

CINCINNATI, June 2.—At about half past ten o'clock on Friday morning Willie Black, a well-known wholesale tobacconist, was shot while sitting at his desk in his office, at 56 West Front street, by George Price, a colored laborer, who has been in Mr. Black's employ for eight years. Some time in December last a hog-head of tobacco was stolen from the warehouse of Mr. Willie Black, at 56 West Front street. About three weeks ago two more hogheads were stolen. For the three hogheads Mr. Black had paid \$550. Detective Amthauer, having been engaged to ferret out the thieves, found enough evidence, as he says, to convict George Price, the colored man who did the shooting, of the theft. Price was accordingly locked up. But Black refused to prosecute, saying, "Price has been in my employ for eight years; he has a family to support, and as I never before knew of his being dishonest I'll not prosecute him;" and so Price was discharged. The terrible tragedy shows

HOW MISTAKEN WAS THIS KINDNESS.

The office in which the shooting was done is in the second story. There were in the office besides Mr. Black, Messrs. George Green and John Hight, both connected with the firm, and a young man named Joseph Cassidy. Mr. Black was sitting at his desk, where he had been writing, but at the moment of the shooting he was turned around nearly facing the door at which the assassin entered, and was talking with Mr. Hight, who was sitting about ten feet away from him. Mr. Green was working at a desk at the other end of the office, probably twenty feet distant, and Cassidy was sitting near the window. No one about the warehouse, except a small boy in the first story, saw Price until he entered the office. He had an ordinary market basket on his left arm, over which was spread a child's gown. As soon as he entered the office and caught sight of Mr. Black he reached into his basket, drew forth a large pistol, and leveling it at Mr. Black, fired three times in rapid succession. After the first shot, which went wide of its mark, Mr. Black jumped up from the chair in which he was sitting and hurried out of the office by another door. Before he got out of the office Price had fired the second shot without effect, and was following Mr. Black through the tobacco hogheads, who was endeavoring to reach the stairs. Price was close upon him, and watching for an opportunity to shoot. Mr. Black ran down the stairs, and when he was about half way down,

THE NEGRO FIRED THE FATAL SHOT.

Mr. Black fell forward upon his face, exclaiming, "My God, I'm shot!"

The murderer continued down the stairs, stepped over the prostrate form of his victim and jumped out upon the sidewalk in Front street. The pistol shots had attracted a crowd, and Price swung the pistol above his head in a threatening manner and shouted, "I've shot Willie Black, and I'm d—d glad of it!" He then ran down Front street, still flourishing his pistol, with the crowd at his heels. He kept them at bay for some time, threatening to shoot, and was not arrested until he had surrendered the pistol of his own accord to Mr. F. A. Prague, of Prague & Matson, at 94 West Front street. He walked into Mr. Prague's office, and that gentleman, then not knowing of the tragedy, said to him, "Price, that's an ugly looking weapon. Give it to me." "I'll surrender myself to a gentleman," Price answered, and handed over the revolver. Just then an officer came up and took Price into custody.

Mr. Black was carried into an adjacent drug store, and afterwards taken in a carriage to his home in Covington. His physicians ascertained that his spine had been injured sufficiently to cause paralysis, and entertain little hope of his recovery.

Mr. Black was highly respected, and indignation against the would-be murderer ran high. And so it did in the neighborhood where the shooting was done.

"KILL THE BLACK RASCAL!"

"He ought to be taken out of the station and strung to a lamp-post," &c., are samples of the expressions heard among the crowd that



FAVORITES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS—MISS FLORENCE ELLIS, OPERA BOUFFE AND BURLESQUE ARTISTE.—SEE PAGE 2.

gathered about Mr. Black's warehouse.

A reporter interviewed the murderous negro in his cell, opening the conversation by remarking:

"You have got yourself into an ugly scrape."

"I don't care if I have," Price replied with an oath. "He had ruined my reputation, and I wanted to get revenge."

"How did he ruin your reputation?"

"He said I stole his tobacco, and I am as innocent of it as any man in the world. I never took a pound of tobacco out of the warehouse that he did not allow me to take."

"Did he allow you to take this tobacco that is now missing?"

"Certainly not, and I didn't take it. He said I did, though, and refused to be convinced to the contrary and I tried my best to kill him for it." [This sentence was interlarded with oaths.]

"You went to his office to kill him, then?"

"You can just bet your life I did."

"Where did you get your pistol?"

"I got it at home. I loaded it before I left, and put it into the basket so I could carry it, as it is too big to put into my trousers pocket."

"Don't you regret the occurrence?"

"Of course I don't. If a man doesn't care for my reputation, then I don't care for his life."

I WENT TO HIS OFFICE TO KILL HIM.

I'm only sorry I didn't do it. I'm mighty sorry, too, I didn't get a shot at that Ferguson. He's a lying, thieving scoundrel, and oughtn't to live. He got me into all this trouble. The detective offered money to any one who would tell anything about the stealing of the tobacco, and so he picked me out as a victim, and probably got \$15 or \$20 for it. I can prove that he isn't responsible for anything. He drinks and lies, and I don't believe he has good sense. Sometimes he leaves his team standing in the street until somebody sends it home."

"Did Ferguson ever haul anything for you?"

"No, sir, he never did."

At this point of the interview an officer came in and said Ferguson was coming down street in his dray, and the reporter left Price and went out and hailed him.

"You had a narrow escape this morning," said the reporter to him.

"That's what I hear," replied the colored drayman, grinning in a ghastly manner.

"Price says he was laying for you with a pistol."

"And I didn't know anything about it, either," with a shrug of the shoulders and another grin.

A French Female Impostor.

Paris has been very much puzzled lately by the doings of a very mysterious young lady who went by the name of Isabella. No one knew who she was, where she came from, or what was her position in the Parisian world. All that was known about her was that she lived in an elegant apartment in the Champs Elysees. She arrived here four months ago accompanied by a young man. She called herself a Spaniard and a relation to Don Carlos. This report was carefully spread by her lover among certain members of the aristocratic world, who touched by the misfortunes of the lady, hastened to put at her disposal large sums of money, which she was to pay back after the liquidation of certain properties which she pretended to have in Spain. Among the persons who took an interest in her was a priest, whose brother occupies a brilliant position in the army. The priest appears to have passed a great deal of his time in the company of Isabella, who abused his kindness so far as to pass him, unknowingly to him, as her brother before many of her tradesmen. In order the better to gain his confidence, she proposed to him one day to go to Spain, in order to settle her affairs more promptly, because she was in immediate need of a large sum of money. The priest, who would not accept such propositions, offered his guarantee to a banker, who consented to lend the money which the pseudo Spanish lady required. In this manner the priest backed bills for several thousands of francs, and pledged his fine collection of pictures. At this stage of events it was discovered that Isabella was an adventuress. The priest at once informed the police, but the interesting lady had decamped.

The Kind they Raise in California.

San Diego possesses a genuine heroine in a young lady named Miss Mary Lawrence. Last Tuesday a band of wild cattle were being driven through the streets, when one of them singled out a child at play and started for it. The vadoero, who was drunk, tumbled from his horse as he attempted to turn the furious animal. At this moment Miss Lawrence came along, and, taking in the situation at a glance, sprang into the vacant saddle, ran down the wild steer, threw her shawl over its head just as it was about to gore the child, and, taking advantage of the confusion of the beast, rode up to the child, and, without leaving her saddle, reached to it and lifted it into her lap, and then carried it off in safety. This was not only an act of heroism, but an exhibition of horsemanship such as few, if any, in this section could equal. That young lady deserves a medal, both as an expert equestrienne in these parts and as a lady whose courage and presence of mind are only equaled by her skill as a rider.

A Reckless Escape and a Reckless Pursuit.

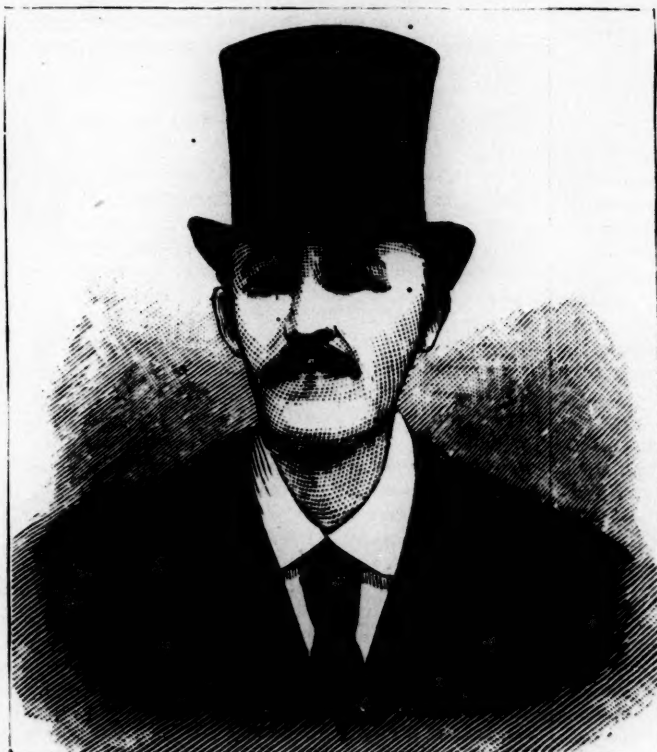
[Subject of Illustration.]

SULLIVAN, Ill., May 30.—The sheriff of Coles county and a constable left Mattoon this morning on the Decatur, Sullivan and Mattoon railroad with a man handcuffed, arrested for robbery and horse stealing. Just before reaching Sullivan, while the train was under full headway, the prisoner rushed for the open door, jumped off, and, without stopping the train, both officers followed him. The constable was badly stunned and senseless for a little time. The sheriff tumbled over, lost his revolver and rushed back after it. By this time the handcuffed prisoner had disappeared in the woods near by, and the officials, when last heard from, were scouring the country in search of him.

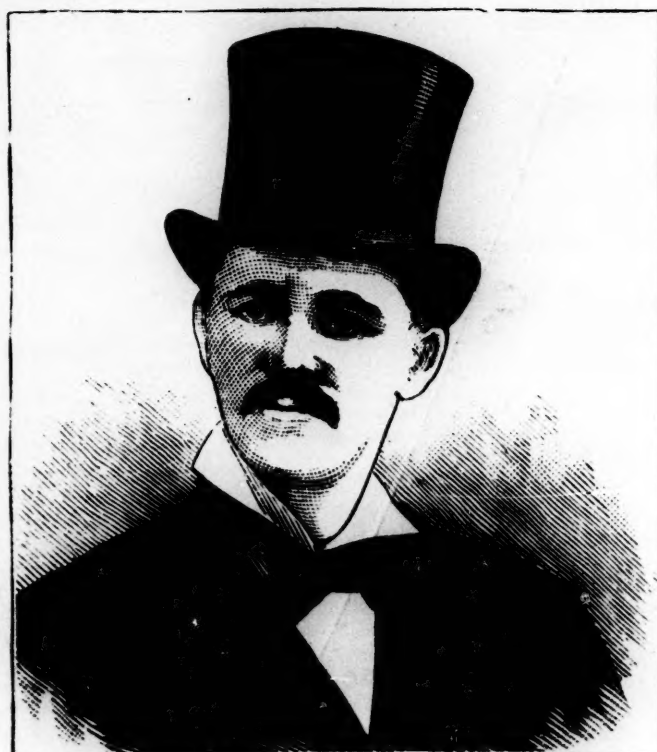
Moving on the Mormon Iniquity.

SALT LAKE, U. T., June 2.—Judge Emerson to-day sentenced John Miles, the polygamist, to pay a fine of \$100 and be confined in the Nebraska Penitentiary five years.

During the proceedings Miles impudently requested not to be lectured and asked no mercy of the court. This case has attracted unusual attention from the fact of its being the second conviction under the laws of the United States, and that Miles was to marry three young women at the same time, with the advice and consent of John Taylor, president of the Mormon Church. An appeal has been taken to the supreme court of the territory. Bond has been fixed at \$5,000.



"JOHNNY IRVING," CONFEDERATE OF PORTER IN THE BROOKLYN BURGLARIES; ESCAPED WITH HIM FROM RAYMOND STREET JAIL.



"BILLY" PORTER, OF THE NOTORIOUS BROOKLYN BURGLARIOUS GANG; ESCAPED FROM RAYMOND STREET JAIL, BROOKLYN, JUNE 1.

The Manhattan Bank Robbery.

The whole story of the Manhattan Bank robbery has at last come out through the confession of one of the burglars. On Saturday night, 31st ult., Captain Byrnes and his detectives, who have worked unceasingly on the case, arrested Henry Glenn, Patrick Slevin and William Kelly on a charge of being implicated in the robbery, whereby money and securities worth nearly three million dollars were stolen, on the night of October 27, 1878. One of them has confessed the whole plot to Captain Byrnes. The robbery was planned more than three years ago. A burglar known as "Little Tracey" first concerted the scheme and organized a band of burglars to rob the bank. It was broken up, however, by the arrest and conviction of most of the members of the gang for other crimes. Then he organized a second gang, in which were Jimmy Hope, George Howard, John Dobbs, Jim Brady and others. They also had in league with them a man who was employed as watchman.

AT ODD HOURS IN THE BANK.

Two attempts were made by this gang to rob the bank, but each failed through the inability of the watchman to meet his engagements.

This gang also broke up. But Hope, thoroughly convinced of the feasibility of his scheme, lost no time in reorganizing his forces. Dobbs, "Big Kid," who was on foot again, and others equally skilled and desperate joined him, and work began in earnest. One Sunday morning, when the friendly watchman was on duty in the bank, Hope was let into the building and used his opportunity to examine thoroughly the vaults. The next Sunday he returned and taught the watchman how to use wax in taking impressions of a keyhole. The watchman, Patrick Slevin, was an apt scholar and soon returned a lump of wax, which the burglar had brought, with an impression, from which the latter was able to make a key for the outer street door on Bleecker street, which was found to fit, and was put by for use. This attempt also

FAILED FOR WANT OF TIME.

An entrance to the vault containing the safes was however effected. Eight months later negotiations were again opened with the watchman, Slevin. Finally, the job was put up for Sunday morning, October 27th, and in it were Jimmy Hope, Kelly and



MRS. MARGARET O'SHAY'S CRUEL ATTEMPT TO KILL HER INFANT CHILD, BY DROWNING IT IN A TUB OF WATER, DURING A SUPPOSED ATTACK OF INSANITY, AT NEW LOTS, LONG ISLAND.



ALFRED ZIEGENMEYER, DIED IN JOLIET, ILL., PRISON, MAY 25TH, WHILE UNDER LIFE SENTENCE FOR THE MURDER OF GUMBLETON IN 1871.

Dobbs, together with the night watchman, Slevin. It was thought that Slevin would have charge of the bank on that night, but an accident frustrated it. The gang resolved, however, to carry out their plans after the night watchman had left and when the day watchman came on. How well it has been carried out every one knows, and nearly three million dollars were carried away. Billy Kelly stood guard over the manacled janitor. He gave them the combination to the safe, being in mortal terror of his life.

Detectives went hard to work and after a long search John Dobbs and the younger Hope were arrested. Watchman Slevin was shadowed early and late and was found to be drinking hard and

SPENDING MONEY LAVISHLY.

He was arrested a few days ago, and finally confessed the whole plot to Captain Byrnes, and Billy Kelly was arrested on his return from the Jerome Park races.

Slevin says that each member of the gang was assessed \$600 after getting their money share, which was sent to Washington to defeat the bill introduced in Congress to duplicate the stolen bonds, as if it passed it would be difficult to negotiate the originals. Meanwhile the various town bonds stolen were negotiated, and Slevin got \$2,000 as his share therefrom, and Jimmy Hope went to Washington to have the bill stopped. Kelly when arrested denied his guilt, but when confronted with Slevin he burst out in a fit of swearing and said, "the bank had to pay a dividend on June 1st, and to do it would have to come to terms and settle with us." There are three more members of the gang yet at large, but they are known and will soon be arrested.

Shocking Brutality to a Mother.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mrs. Margaret O'Shay, a resident of New Lots, Long Island, was arrested on Thursday night, 29th ult., charged with attempting to kill her infant child, and also for acting in a disorderly manner. It appears that during the absence from home of her husband she placed the little one in a tub filled with water, and would have drowned it but for the interference of a neighbor. She also dashed the child violently to

the ground. An examination will be made of her mental condition, as it is supposed she has become insane.

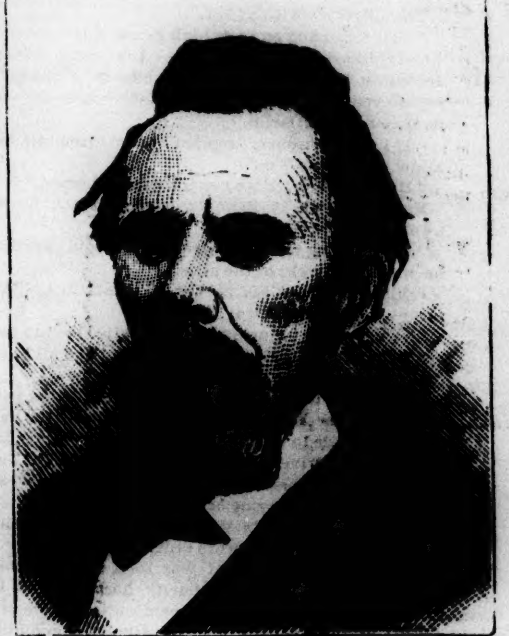
Sobered by Being Buried.

On Sunday night, 1st inst., a man was found unconscious and with his skull broken in the hallway of 342 East Thirty-fourth street. He was taken to Bellevue Hospital, where he died at half-past seven next morning. In his pockets were several cards bearing the name of William Wallace, of 148 Thompson street. Mr. Wallace, who is a grocer's clerk at Bedford and Downing streets, identified the body as that of a man named McLaughlin, an idle carpenter, who spent the greater part of his time in John Aaron's saloon at Charles and Fourth streets, and the other drinking-places in the Ninth ward. Wallace told Aaron that McLaughlin was dead and that the body was at the Morgue.

"Impossible," said Aaron. "He was here not ten minutes ago and borrowed a quarter from me." "But I saw the body, I tell you," said Wallace. "He is very dead."

This seemed to settle the matter and the city was left to bury McLaughlin. The body was taken to the Potter's Field, on Hart's Island, on the 3rd. The police learned that the man's skull had been broken by a fall. Thomas McSherry, owner of a saloon at 400 East Thirty-fourth street, visited the Morgue and reported that Charles Hall, a friend of his, had been missing since Sunday. There were thirteen unrecognized bodies at the Morgue. He examined them all, but did not identify any of them as Hall. As he was passing out he noticed the clothing which the man who had been buried in Potter's Field under the name of McLaughlin had worn and recognized them as Hall's. McSherry said that Hall had been over thirty years a United States soldier, and that during the past ten years had been a sergeant of the Engineer Corps at Willett's Point. He had been on a thirty days' furlough and had been drinking heavily.

A search through the liquor saloons of the Ninth ward that night ended in the discovery of McLaughlin's body in an advanced state of intoxication, but alive. The old man became absolutely sober when told that he had been buried in Potter's Field and



FRANK L. VINTREE, THE VETERAN AND EXPERT COUNTERFEITER, OF NATIONAL REPUTATION; CAPTURED IN PHILADELPHIA MAY 19TH.

said that in the morning he would give up drinking and work at his trade. Sergeant Hall's body will be disinterred and buried in the military cemetery.

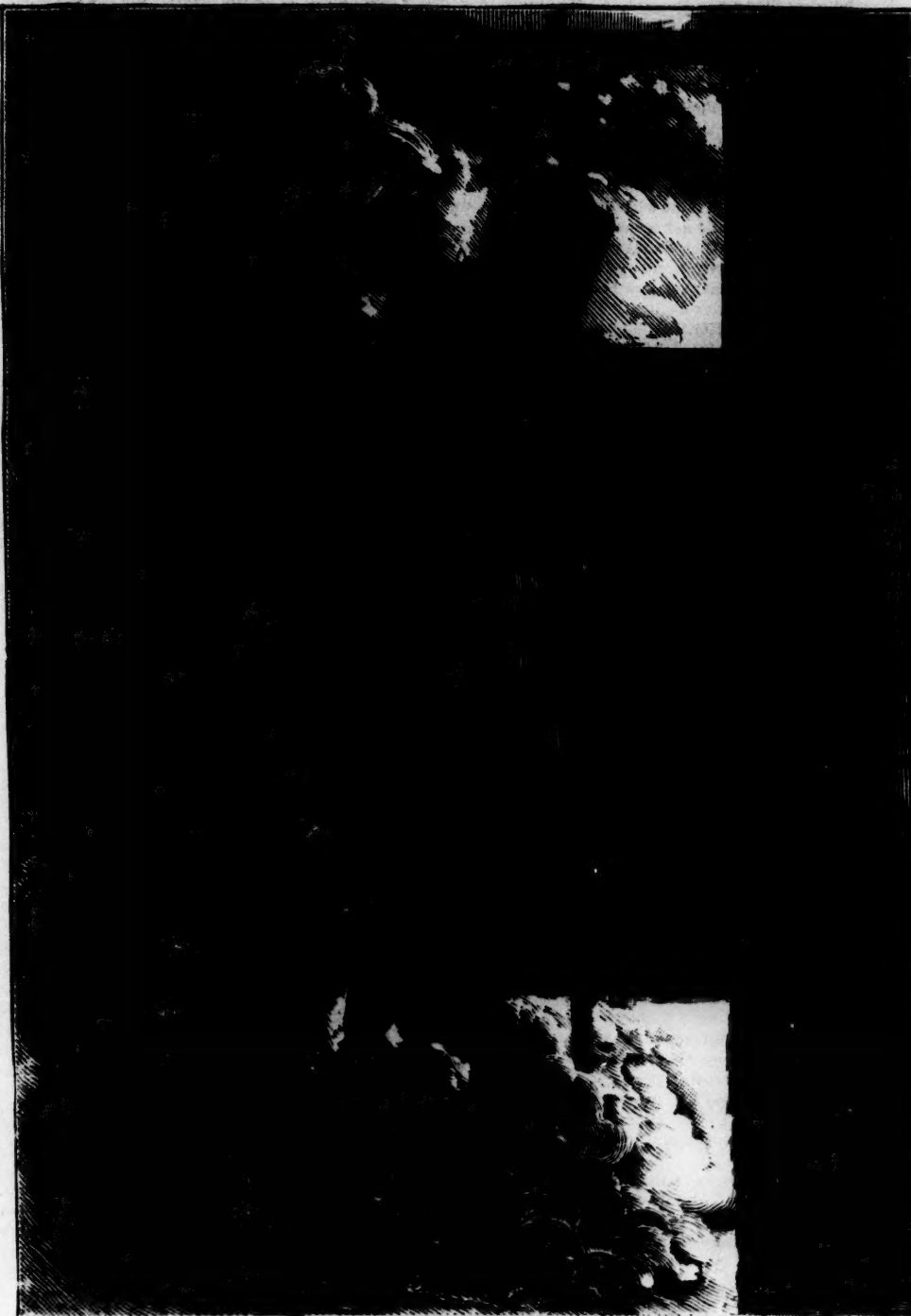
Perilous Feat of a Fleeing Murderer.

[Subject of Illustration.]

MEDINA, N. Y., May 30.—Ass Broughton of Shelby Centre has a wife of unusual attractiveness. Levant Bancroft of Medina, a prominent business man, was suspected by Broughton of being too intimate with her. He ordered his wife not to speak to Bancroft. On the 14th inst. Broughton heard that Bancroft had been to his house. He drove his wife from the house, and at about eleven o'clock at night called at Bancroft's house and demanded to know where she was. In an altercation that ensued Broughton shot and killed Bancroft. The murderer made his way to the Niagara river pursued by officers. To escape them he crossed into Canada by means of a wire that still extends across the river on the site of the old Lewiston suspension bridge. The wire is 100 feet above the river. Broughton made his way across hand over hand, hanging from this wire. It was one of the most perilous feats on record. He rested at intervals by drawing himself up and wrapping his arms and legs around the wire. He reached the Canada shore a few minutes before the officers appeared on the other side. Broughton was found at Hagersville, Ontario, on Wednesday, and taken into custody. He returned across the river voluntarily. He says he shot Bancroft in self-defense.

Unexpected Finale of a Romantic Tragedy.

An English correspondent at Darmstadt writes: "About the 10th of December last a young man, son of a professor in the gymnasium, walked with his betrothed, a young and pretty girl, to a pond some two miles off in the adjoining wood. They there tied themselves together and jumped in, intending to end their troubles in suicide. However, the icy cold water brought the gentleman to his senses, and he contrived to free himself and scramble out, leaving the poor girl, in spite of her cries, to drown, which she did. He was tried a few weeks ago and sentenced to three years and nine months' imprisonment for the offense."



BURNING OF THE BOWERY MUSEUM WALTER H. STEWART, THE ARM-LESS AND LEGLESS MAN, IS CAUGHT ON A SPIKE IN ATTEMPTING TO ESCAPE FROM A WINDOW OF THE BLAZING BUILDING, AND IS RESCUED BY A VOLUNTEER FIREMAN.—See Page 7.

LEFT HER HOME;

OR,

The Trials and Temptations of a Poor Girl.

BY BRACEBRIDGE HEMING, ESQ.

("JACK HARKAWAY.")

["Left Her Home," was commenced in No. 98. Back numbers can be obtained of any News Agent, or direct from the Publisher.]

[Written expressly for THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.]
CHAPTER III.
(Continued.)

The policeman had been an attentive though silent listener to the conversation between the girls.

Diving into his pocket, he produced a sheet of paper, a pencil and an envelope.

"I always carry them," he remarked, "because prisoners, nine times out of ten, want to write letters."

"Thank you," said Lizzie, taking the writing materials eagerly.

"I guess you can write," he added.

"Well, I should smile."

"No offense meant. Sail in. I'll forward the note."

Lizzie hastily scribbled the following: "Kind sir—This is to let you know that the Palace was pulled last night. Fanny and me is in the Tombs, and because we can't pay the fine we will have to go up on the Island and do three months. Do please hurry up and help a poor girl who loves you and will never forget you, if you get her out. In haste, your loving LIZZIE CAMERON."

She handed the letter to the policeman, who put it in his pocket and said, "What is to pay me for this?"

"Oh, you must be good-natured enough to do it for nothing, for I have no money," replied Lizzie.

"I don't want money."

"What then?"

"Give me a kiss, baby," said the officer, leering at her.

"Half a dozen, if you like. Help yourself," answered Lizzie, laughing.

He put his hand on her shoulder and kissed her several times, she making no objection.

"You're a daisy," he exclaimed. "I kinder like you."

Then, turning to Fanny, he added, "I must have one from you."

"Not if I know it," answered Fanny. "I don't kiss everybody."

The officer scowled at her.

"You're getting on your high horse, miss, aren't you?" he exclaimed. "Wait a while. I'm going to be transferred to the work-house in a couple of days. That's where you will be, and if I don't take you down a peg my name isn't Sam Carlin."

"If I am a prisoner," replied Fanny, "the law will not allow you to insult me."

"Hang the law! I've got political influence."

Much enraged at Fanny's independence, he walked away.

"I ain't going to send no letter," he said angrily when he was out of sight of the girls.

Taking it out of his pocket, he tore it in half a dozen pieces and threw it away.

No wonder the unfortunate girls waited in vain for a response, and that their hearts grew faint and all hope died away as the day passed.

At three o'clock the "Maria" came into the yard and they were placed with other prisoners inside the carriage for conveyance to the Island.

They were driven to the dock at the foot of Twenty-sixth street and placed with other unfortunate women in a small room on one side of the ferry-house.

After half an hour's waiting they heard the Bellevue come into the slip, and were ordered on board.

The passage to the Island was soon made. Those passengers intended for the charity hospital were landed first, then those bound for the penitentiary were given in charge of the keepers, and, thirdly, those committed to the work-house disembarked, while the lunatics went on to the fourth landing.

The girls were quickly placed in a cell, and were lucky enough to be put together, for which they were very thankful, as they found some slight consolation in each other's society.

The night passed as miserably as the previous one had done, and they felt as if all hope was crushed out of their young hearts.

CHAPTER IV.

SUNSHINE AFTER STORM.

On the following day the girls were put to work in the laundry and made to labor hard.

Lizzie did not seem to care very much, but Fanny felt her position very keenly, for she was disgraced, and there seemed to be no prospect for her in the future.

If Bob Carter recovered from the effect of his wound, he would not be likely to care for a girl who had imprisoned on the Island.

To add to her troubles, the policeman who had insulted her in the Tombs arrived at the work-house and assumed the position of jailer on the corridor in which was situated the cell in which the girls were confined.

He quickly made Fanny aware of his arrival, for he took her away from her work in the laundry, separated her from Lizzie and made her scrub the floors of the prison.

This was a disagreeable occupation and a painful one, because she had to be on her knees all the time and bend her back until it ached.

After three hours of this hard labor she paused and sighed deeply, recognizing that the way of the transgressor is hard.

At this moment Carlin, whose flushed face indicated that he had been drinking, entered with a lithe switch in his hand.

"What are you skulking for?" he demanded.

"I was tired," replied Fanny.

"Call me sir," he said, in an insolent tone. "I'm your boss here and can't allow any trifling with the work. You didn't come here to play."

"I'm not used to such hard work, sir, and it is not all who have to do it."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

Fanny pointed to a cell in which was a pretty, fair-haired girl reading a newspaper.

"She is taking it easy," she said.

Carlin laughed cynically.

"That's one of my daisies," he answered, "and she's a good girl, too. I let up on her because she doesn't object to my kissing her once in a while."

"If I could see one of the Commissioners of Charities and Corrections I would let them know the abuses that reign in the institutions under their charge," said Fanny, boldly.

This was an imprudent speech for her to make. Carlin's face became convulsed with rage and a fierce gleam shone in his eyes.

"Threaten me, will you," he exclaimed. "That's the kind of a jade you are. Well, I want you to understand that I've got political influence, and nothing a girl like you could say would hurt me."

"I am a respectable girl."

"Like Jake you are. Weren't you committed for being found in a disorderly house? Go on with your work or I'll make you."

"How?"

He raised the switch and brought it down sharply over her shoulders, causing her great pain.

"Oh, please don't whip me," she cried, with difficulty suppressing a scream.

"Get up and kiss me then."

She rose, and he, thinking he had conquered her, leered at her like a satyr.

But he was mistaken.

Eyeing him boldly, she said, "Before I do that you may kill me."

"Ha!" he exclaimed, with the fury of a wild beast disappointed at its prey.

Again the switch circled round her delicate shoulders, and, overcome with terror and pain, she crouched at his feet.

Suddenly a quick step was heard behind him, a hand wrenched the whip from him and, turning hastily, he was confronted by a young man of resolute mien.

This was Mr. Hubert Spencer, one of the assistant doctors.

"You brute," said the doctor. "Stop that."

"What business is it of yours," growled Carlin.

"I interfere on the broad ground of humanity."

"This girl won't work."

"Then report her to the warden. You have no right to strike a prisoner."

Fanny looked piteously at her protector.

"Don't believe him, sir," she said. "I have been working very hard this morning. He only wants to get square with me, as he calls it, because I won't permit him to take liberties with me."

"It's a lie," said Carlin.

"This shall be investigated," said the doctor.

Carlin was now beside himself with rage.

"Investigate what?" he exclaimed, aiming a blow at the doctor, which the latter skillfully parried.

"That's your game, is it?" the doctor cried. "Fortunately I belong to an athletic club and know how to handle my fists."

He struck out square from the shoulder and the burly ruffian rolled over on the floor.

"Touch this girl again at your peril," said the doctor.

"I will proceed to the warden at once and I don't think you will be here long to tyrannize over these poor creatures whose lot is hard enough without being subjected to the indecent insults of wretches like you."

Carlin rose and shook his fists at him as he retreated.

"By thunder," he muttered. "I'll put up a job on you. I belong to a tough gang in the Sixth ward, and don't you forget it."

"He behaved like a gentleman," said Fanny.

"Shut up," replied the ruffian as he wiped the blood from his mouth. "I'll make it hot for you, Miss."

"If you do, it will be the worse for you."

He picked up the switch which the doctor had thrown down.

"Now," he said, "I'm going to show you how much I care for that snip of a doctor, you bet your high monkey nunk. I'll lick you good this time."

It would have gone hard with Fanny had not the warden entered at that moment, accompanied by the doctor and a gentleman.

"Fanny King and Lizzie Cameron," he exclaimed.

Carlin sneaked away and concealed himself in a cell, being completely baffled by the appearance of the warden, whom he knew could order his dismissal.

Fanny walked up to the warden, as did Lizzie, who was in another part of the building.

To their surprise, they saw Joe Jackson with the warden.

"Girls," said the latter, "your fines are paid and you are discharged. This gentleman will take you over to Sixty-sixth street in my boat."

Fanny was ready to faint with delight, and she was so agitated that she could not speak.

Lizzie, however, shook hands with Joe and said, "This is kind of you, but why didn't you come before?"

"I only heard about the place being pulled this morning," he replied.

"I wrote you a letter."

"Then I never got it. Anyway, it does not matter, let us get out of this."

They accompanied the warden to the office where their discharge was formally made out and they went to the boat-house.

The warden happened to be acquainted with Mr. Jackson's father and on this account he lent him his private boat, which saved them the trouble of waiting for the Bellevue.

During the journey, Jackson informed Lizzie that he had taken two rooms for her in the Ninth ward, near Sixth avenue, and would be glad if she would occupy them and let him pay the rent and allow her fifteen dollars a week for housekeeping.

Lizzie unblushingly assented to this proposal.

"That is settled," he exclaimed. "Now do you think your friend will live with you and let star Varnum take care of her?"

"No. I'm sure she won't," replied Lizzie.

"Why not?"

"Because she is a fool."

"He'll be good to her, and he is a man a girl doesn't catch every day in the week."

"I know it, but there is only one way of doing it. She likes Star well enough to marry him. You must get up a sham marriage."

"Just my idea. Will you help me?"

"Why, certainly."

This conversation was carried on in the cars while they were going to the new home.

Having given Lizzie the address, Joe Jackson got off at Twenty-third street, promising to call in the evening.

"Where are you going," asked Fanny. To your old room?"

"Oh, no, Joe has taken a place and is going to put up for me. You can come along until you get something to do."

Fannie looked angry and indignant.

"Thank you, but I would rather not," she said. "There is nothing like being straightforward, Lizzie, is there?"

"Well."

"You are going to lead a life any girl should blush for shame to mention. I disapprove of it, and it will be best for us to part."

"All right. I'm agreeable, but what are you going to do?" said Lizzie.

"Never mind. Heaven tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

At Paducah, Ky., on the 3rd, Edward Lambert, a city officer, while riding through Main street, fired some shots at a negro named Henry Finch, who returned them.

GLIMPSES OF GOTHAM.

Mr. Prowler Discourses this Week upon One Kind of Bucket Shop.

MINIATURE "PUTS" AND "CALLS."

The Fascinating Dens where the Fever of Speculation is Engendered.

EMBEZZLERS SEEN IN BUD AND BLOSSOM.

BY PAUL PROWLER.

[Written expressly for THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

Perhaps the lady who has accompanied me through many of these sketches is of no account to any one but myself. Perhaps she is. In either event I feel it my duty now to mention her, even if I have no further information to communicate than that I do not know where she is.

Such is my deplorable position at present. Having been led by her into the commission of the most horrible crimes, I have become so dominated by her beauty and dash that I take her disappearance as a personal affair. She has no right to make me her slave and then vanish, like the cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces, leaving not even a postal card behind.

While suffering from the melancholy consequent upon this metaphorical turning down of the gas, I went to the Jerome Park races, bet on the horse that wasn't pulled and made a little money. It was there that I thought I would drown sorrow by a little speculation, by taking a "flyer" in the street. I have no broker to help break me, but, when the fever is on, go direct to one of the bucket shops.

Gentle reader, have you ever been in a bucket shop of the financial nature? If not, and you desire to add a knowledge of it to your vast and varied stock of information, I advise you to hurry, for I see by the papers that it is the intention to tear them up by the roots; and, although I have been a gambler in them in a modest and quiet way to a considerable extent, I cannot but coincide in the act. The bucket shop is certainly not a necessary institution. You can't help but entertain this idea even if you win, but if you lose you are firmly convinced of it.

What is a bucket shop?

The one I frequent is found up a dark alley off Wall street. It is a large back room, the grimy windows looking on a cheerless court inhabited by notaries public and small stock brokers who never go up town in a coupe, and have been known to wait on the steps of the elevated railroad for the five cent box of triumph to strike.

There is a railing separating the common part of the room from a row of busy clerks. On chairs scattered about the customers sit. Two or three rather horsey-looking men move to and fro, with their hands in their pockets and their high white hats tilted back on their heads. They are continually reading and tearing up telegrams which the boys bring, and they frequently go inside to talk to the clerks. They are the proprietors.

A gentle cloud of smoke rests over all, and beneath it the customers watch eagerly a man who rapidly chalks down the figures he has just received from the regular Stock Exchange. It is the heart; the bucket shop is a pulse beat. You watch the countenances of the men as the chalk flies over the blackboard, and the quotations of A. and P. W. U. C. C. and I. C. P. M., and the rest come out in bold relief. You can generally tell whether they are winners or losers. Each one holds a memorandum of the amount he deposited as a margin against the supposititious purchase of so much stock. Sometimes a decline wipes him out at once, and his agony is over as quick as that of the doomed dogs they plump into the East river at the pound; but sometimes again he holds on by an eyelash, by a ½. Then it is very tantalizing.

When the stock goes up the position of these small operators who are good for not losing generally more than \$10 in any event is a very peculiar one. Shall they hold on? Was this only a feverish jump? Will it advance again? But why dilate to the intelligent reader upon the mental agitation characterizing such a crisis? The intelligent reader has frequently been in doubt as to whether he shall keep a pair, or spoil it to draw to a bob-tailed flush.

The bucket shop always puts me in mind of a horse pool room—in fact, there is very little difference—and I would never be surprised to hear dead and gone "Doc" Underwood's resonant voice crying, "Now, gentlemen, Fadla-deen has gone as the favorite for six hundred dollars; what am I offered for second choice?"

Perhaps the intelligent reader would like to know what became of the money I won at Jerome Park. I will tell him. I put it on a stock sure to rise—in fact, a friend gave me the tip; said one of Gould's office boys told him—and it tumbled three per cent while I was around at Delmonico's eating a piece of pie.

But I am a philosopher, and can bear these things. I lost a quarter of a million on Black Friday, and nothing phases me now.

(Entre nous I didn't lose a cent on Black Friday, because I hadn't found one to lose. But I saw so many burst millionaires flying about that I thought it would be a good idea to try it myself. The effect is wonderful, especially upon a sympathetic landlady. I have told the story so often, simply varying the stock, that I begin to believe it myself.)

Who frequent the bucket shops?

All classes of men who have been bit by the scorpion speculation, who have the fever of stock gambling in their blood. Years ago, perhaps, they bought out and out, and used to fly their kites with the most reckless of them in Broad and Wall streets; but times have changed now. They have changed so much that I can readily believe that newspaper paragraph about the man who was in the habit of giving away at least three dollars' worth of cigars a day, and who now eats fifteen cent lunches. On real hard days the situation stands this way: he knows where the lunch is, but is rather hazy as to the whereabouts of the fifteen cents.

These men frequent the bucket shop, but they are only one class of its constituency. There are many female customers on the books, who sit in their carriages two or three blocks away and operate for hours at a time through a gentleman friend or a younger brother.

But the major portion of the crowd, strange as it may seem, are minors—young clerks employed in the neighborhood, principally in the banking and brokering concerns. They get what they think is a direct prognostication and immediately rush around to the bucket shop to utilize it. Success is fatal. If they should lose a dozen times consecutively there would be some help for them, but the jump of a stock, if they are betting that way; and the rattle of money won in their pockets, set them wild.

I have a friend who is spending the summer at Sing Sing. I think this is his second summer, and there are

three or four more for him to put through yet, who was lured to his ruin by a bucket shop. It is true that he is learning the trade of stone-cutter, but what recompense is that to a man for having his hair taken off with a lawn mower, being jammed into a grid-iron pattern of clothes, and called twenty-one or eighty-nine instead of Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones, as the case may be.

He went into Pacific Mail at a rather high figure, it being on the rise then. It did go up slightly and then began to fall like the gentle due-bill upon the debtor beneath. The "tip" he got was the sharpest imaginable—the stock was simply feverish—it must rally. And besides a young lady friend of his, who got \$8 a week in the theatre and lived at the rate of \$75, wanted a new dress for the fresh piece in which she was cast. So the stock had to go up. But margins will not extend themselves, and stocks to be held must be watched. All his money was gone, he had pawned everything, and like an honest man had put off robbing his employer until the last moment.

He always was considerate. All the rest can be guessed. I saw him in the Tombs the day he went away. The young woman was there, too, all tears. Another friend of mine buys her dresses now.

As I have said, ladies are great patrons of bucket shops, just as they are of the dram bucket shops in the Five Points and along the river front. The difference consists in the social condition of the ladies. In the case of the financial institution they are always very swell and *délicieuses*. They have a liberal allowance of pin-money and they put it where it will do the most good. I must say that I admire their pluck and independence. Of course, it is all under the rose so far as home is concerned. The husband simply thinks sometimes that his wife is buying a devil of a lot of dresses, or that she most mysteriously gets a devil of a lot on a small allowance, but knows no more.

This conversation has occurred perhaps a hundred times in the last month.

"My dear, where is your bracelet?" or "Darling, what have you done with your diamond ear-rings?"

"Getting it, or them, fixed. The clasp, or the pin, is broken."

And all the time she has in her pocket-book the memorandum receipt of the Broadway dealer who advanced the money that holds the particular stock.

There is so much to say against the bucket shop that it is pleasant to be able to relate an anecdote which sheds credit upon it. Here it is.

A small stock broker had received some pretty heavy losses and he felt staggered. He managed to float along, however, and save his credit, but he felt that it couldn't last forever. Getting a little desperate he plunged into Erie, following a "tip" and helping to "bull" the stock. But it wouldn't be "bullied" worth a cent, but kept on dropping, dropping until ruin stared him in the face. An important movement was foreshadowed and then it became known to a few that a dividend was about to be declared.

If he could only hold on a few days more, one, two days. But it was no use. In this humor he came home one night and calmly told his wife after tea that he intended to devote a half sheet of foolscap paper and five minutes to his will, and then about a second to blowing his brains out.

She was naturally horrified, and with tears besought an explanation. He gave it, and much to his surprise she received it with downright merriment, with actual laughter.

"Great heavens, madame!" he exclaimed, "are you mad? Is this a subject for jest?"

"And so you were fool enough to 'bull' Erie, were you?" she asked through her tears of hilarity.

"What do you mean, Elinor? This stock slang seems unnatural falling from your lips. Explain."

"Why, George, dear, those who told you to do it were unloading taffy upon you. See! I've been 'bearing' Erie for a month. There are my profits, so much in bank. I'll loan you a check to tide you over."

And she did it like a little man. They are very happy now, and it is needless to add that he never tackles any big stock move without a consultation.

The great harm done by the bucket shops is among the young clerks. I mean those nobby fellows who wear agony English trousers, carry their canes by the middle and speak with a drawl. They get just about a decent living salary with sufficient excess to keep a private cue in a billiard-saloon up-town, and remain abreast of the new neck-ties as they come out.

These individuals are in the money atmosphere. They handle only coupons and cash all day, and in settling up the books add up columns of transactions that sometimes run into the millions. There is no talk about them except that on the probabilities of the market. "Do you think Lake Shore will go up?" "What's the board in Panama going to do?" and so on. Running to and fro to execute orders, they become imbued with the spirit of stock gambling.

Some years ago there was no outlet for this spirit. To deal regularly on the street was too steep a game, and besides it would attract the attention of their employers.

Then came the angels in the shape of the men who devised the bucket-shop system. They took a room, furnished it with chairs, a stock-indicator and a black-board and were ready for business. It was possible now to risk \$5 while running an errand, and no one the wiser. Gambling is gambling, however, and the man who becomes its slave is in the clutch of a demon as powerful and merciless as morphine. Money won at stocks is taken to the green-cloth of a Broadway hell and left there. Money picked up after a feverish night at faro is lost on some stock venture. Sometimes, however, big strikes are made and the young amateur is enabled to launch out in transactions of a formidable nature.

It's a perilous life at its best. I remember that before Black Friday, knocked me higher than any kite ever flown in Wall street, many a friend of mine, some of them members of church choirs too, were driven to forgery and hypothecation of securities to maintain for a little while in a slippery position. The case of Gray, "Prince of Forgers," although I see he disclaims such a gorgeous title, is a case in point. Whether he used the pen to raise the bonds or not, he realized on them, and that is the same thing.

It hasn't been stated, but I'll bet he belonged to the church. His father, at any rate, was a minister, and that fact will serve for an illustration of what I mean.

The church is all right; it is a first-class affair, and is absolutely necessary. I haven't got a word to say against it. But at the same time I must confess that it furnishes an awful lot of financial sharks.

Look at Winslow, of Boston—knew the psalms by heart as well as he knew the combination of the vault.

Look at the presidents of the bogus insurance companies—those who would take their oath to a sheet of blank paper as representing the standing of the concern. I never met one yet in the whole course of my life, and I have seen many in the Tombs, but I felt certain that if we engaged in a Græco-Roman contest over the catechism, I would be thrown in the agitation of a lamb's tail.

If ever I join a church choir company, which is not likely, unless Emeline takes to singing soprano, I shall keep away from Wall street and its bucket shops, and do nothing more wicked than appear in a "Pinafore" company.

You can't serve God and mammon, and by the same token you can't remain honest long with 500 shares of Central New Jersey, running away in your grasp, and cash at hand in the drawer to widen the margin enough to prevent a collapse.

There was young Tommy Nelson, a bright young fellow, who was completely ruined by the bucket shop; or at least one would be apt to say so at first, upon hearing the story.

He was engaged to be married—and to a bright and beautiful girl. The wedding day was fixed, but Tommy found himself way out on North West, and no available chance of getting back. To make matters worse he was forced at last to pawn his dress-suit, just sent home from the tailor's—the suit he was to be married in. He wanted the money, of course, to prop up the stock.

Finally things got so desperate that he pawned the marriage ring he had bought for the gal. That held North-West one day. The next was the marriage morn.

Tommy was wild. On one side ever so many shares of youth, beauty and good wardrobe, with a chance of some property on the old man's death; on the other his North West stock that was sure to turn the corner in a moment and run up the schedule like a race-horse.

The bride was at the church, so were her sisters, her cousins and her other relatives; so was the minister. They waited for Tommy. Ten o'clock, eleven o'clock, twelve o'clock—no groom. He was driving around in a coupe, borrowing money, twenty-five cents at a time, with which to bolster the stock, thinking of the marriage once in a while, but utterly forgetting it half the time. He wrote a dispatch to the proprietor of the bucket-shop and a note to the church, but in his nervousness got them mixed. The bucket shop man received the following:

"My dearest angel—have marriage postponed until tomorrow at ten. I will make good then. Am in serious trouble. TOMMY."

This is what the minister got:

"Hold on to that North West like grim death to a nigger kicked by a mule. Will have the margin run out by three o'clock to cover decline or break a strap. NELSON."

Of course the girl married some one else, and last year she ran away with a red-headed barber. A close shave for Tommy. He is president of a Safe Deposit Company, thanks to the bucket shop, and stands an equal chance of becoming a reputable citizen, or getting to jail.

CITY CHARACTERS.

THE POLICEMAN.

King of Hearts (Nursemaids) and Knave of Clubs.

BY COLONEL LYNN.

[Written expressly for THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

I am so much an admirer of the force that I honestly believe nothing but a rooted antipathy to wearing Piccadilly collars has prevented me, long ere this, becoming a shining member of the municipal police—one of those noble volumes of the human library that are bound in blue and brass.

My desire is a perfectly logical one. I hold that a policeman, who is not too anxious to do his duty, and who has sufficient discrimination to infallibly select the proper head to club, and the appropriate time to do it, ought to be one of the happiest men in the world. Take the handsome fellows of the Broadway squad, for instance, the department, of course, to which I would be immediately assigned, should I ever conquer my aversion to the Piccadilly collar. I have watched this squad carefully, and am convinced that their duties would just suit me.

The most important is helping ladies and children across the street. So far as the ladies are concerned the operation is performed in different ways. If she is ugly and muscular, the officer simply moves ahead, holding up his cane and making the stage horses rear, until the center of Broadway is reached. Then the old girl is left to shift for herself, while he returns alone, or probably with some one who had boldly started out only to repent it. If the person in danger is young and pretty, if she turns her face up to the officer's with a timid, supplicating look, then he feels the necessity of being equal to the occasion.

Utterly unmindful of personal danger, thoroughly disregarding the fact that there are soap trucks to right of him, beer wagons to left of him, he firmly clasps that young lady's plump arm—not with the cotton-hook grab of the car conductor when he hauls a fare on board, but gently and poetically—and seems to express the opinion, to radiate it from the figures on his cap and the buttons on his coat, that if it is at all necessary he is willing to die with her then and there.

I am quite positive that I would be in my element as one of the Broadway squad, and that in time I would be honorably mentioned before the commissioners, if they were not all busy being removed or appointed—two exercises which seem to take up nearly all the time of those distinguished city officials. No wonder they never find any leisure to clean the streets.

Still, the Broadway squad has its disadvantages. No. 999 finds it easy enough to lounge up and down, switching the legs of his pantalons and admiring his clean shave as reflected in his polished shoes, but it grows monotonous. Sometime, too, he will have a streak of bad luck, and have a perfect run of ugly and old women to tow through the mud and slush. It always happens when a nice one appears that, just as he is doing the extra polite, and looking as much like a cherub as a six-footer in uniform well can, Mrs. No. 999 comes along and rivets him with a glance. That night he sleeps in the station house, and sends a note to his wife stating that he has been called out to make a two A. M. raid on a disorderly house.

For downright easy times, for an existence that is all but Arcadian, commend me to the sparrow police. They are the ones dressed in gray, who are detailed to watch the nurse girls, the babies and the sparrows in the various city parks. The officers in the Washington Parade Ground have a perfect bonanza. At four o'clock on any fine afternoon it is crowded with pretty bunnies, pushing their perambulators along, and looking demurely from under their neat white hats at the gallant officers who go around fearlessly poking the tramps asleep on the benches with their clubs. This seems a trivial thing, but it is not always so. When you poke a tramp you poke a lottery. You do not know what may arouse in him—the lion or the lamb. But who would not risk his life to win favor in beauty's eyes?

While the courtships go on the babies are frequently left to themselves, becoming abandoned little wretches. Occasionally the perambulator starts down a grade by itself and collides with another. There is an extensive upset, of course, much screaming, and a thorough investigation, in which the children are held upside down by one leg, after the manner of dead rabbits at Christmas time, to see if they are hurt. If the officer is of the proper metal he never fails at these stirring times to pounce on a weak, consumptive-looking tramp and drag him off to the station-house on the charge of creating a disturbance in the park. It strikes awe a foot deep into the

breast of the bystander, and makes his own Bridget, an Alsatian from Belfast, swell with pride.

That night, on his way home, he stops at the area gate and is admitted to the kitchen to see if Red Leary is in the meat-safe. That torch-headed ruffian is not there, but in his stead are found two bottles of beer and half of a cold chicken. They are taken into custody, tried immediately and then bolted.

The mounted policeman leads a lonely life. In winter it is a hard existence, but now, when upper Manhattan is one burst of bloom, he can get along very well. He has an elegant horse that follows him like a dog. At night he patrols the desolate King's Bridge road, rides across the graveled walks of the private estates and flashes his dark lantern in the faces of all pedestrians. Frequently he has desperate fights with the freight train thieves of the Hudson river railroad. There are few chances for flirtation. Cold chicken and bottled beer are scarce. If ever I do don a Piccadilly and join the force I want no circus position.

Neither do I hanker to be stationed down in James, Cherry or Water streets, where there are dozens of "dirty spoons" and miles of dance-house dens to ensnare the gallant sailor that he is. It is sometimes necessary to earn one's pay in the discharge of police duty in such localities and to that I am averse. I come, of course, of a war-like and fighting family, but I consider that I have been a terror to mankind long enough. It is time to settle down and give the world a chance. Some men on the police force are useful; others are purely ornamental. Both serve their purposes and help to maintain the reputation the force has achieved—the finest in the world. It is not a quick and reckless force; it is slow and considerate frequently, rather letting forty guilty men escape than having upon its conscience the arrest of one innocent man. The useful men come into court covered with blood, yanking bullet-headed burglars after them; the ornamental, gently diffusing an odor of Bergamot, hand in a complaint against an old lady who threw ashes into the street. Can any sane man hesitate between the two?

There are many perquisites attached to the position of policeman that are not to be despised. He pays no car fare, has the entree to theatres and never disburses cash for his drinks.

Captain Clinchy is one of the handsomest and wittiest captains in the city. Last winter I used to see him night after night in the lobby of the Academy of Music listening to Gerster.

"You are an admirer of this sweet-throated Hungarian," I said one evening as I was going out with Fred. Rullman to get some Apollinaris water.

"I am here in the discharge of duty," said the captain.

"I may have to arrest Gerster."

"What for?" said I, exploding my opera hat in my agitation with the report of a pistol, and making a nervous man drop an opera-glass for which he had to pay \$10.

"For uttering false notes."

He never smiled but gazed steadily at a musician in the orchestra, whose bald head was fantastically laid out with a miniature Tomkins square.

I should imagine that the policeman at home is a quiet, inoffensive fellow, who is only too anxious to get his uniform off and have a romp with the baby. I have frequently seen shy men in crowds on Sunday, with wife and children, whom I have felt certain were officers having a "outing." Not being on duty at all, and being surrounded by their olive branches, the result is the production of a nervous awkwardness due largely to the all manner in which citizen clothes set upon them after any extended service in the blue.

The night watch must be a terribly tedious one, and more so if the beat doesn't possess a single all-night house. To stand under a grocery awning, to walk up and down trying doors, to pass by blocks and blocks of houses where the inhabitants are asleep, to help unlock the door for gentlemen loaded to the water's edge, and then for hours at a time to do nothing but watch those other sentinel stars in the sky, to hear nothing but the wind, and the faraway rattle of a wheel. It is not a roseate existence. From the gloomy nature of "Young's Night Thoughts," I have come to the conclusion that he must have been a London "Bobby" and obtained his inspiration while on dark duty.

In a little while the regular summer duties of the policeman will be upon him with a rush. They are entirely distinct from his winter work. He must take care of lost children.

It is his place to pick up sun-struck people. To tell country people what cars to take for the park. To shoot mad dogs.

This latter job is a difficult, delicate and dangerous one, not so much for the dog as for the public generally. When the season begins I generally retire to ever-so-far Rockaway, where I can calmly read the list of the wounded citizens in the next day's paper.

VICES' VARIETIES.

JOHN RIVERS, a night watchman at Robinson's stores, foot of Congress street, Brooklyn, shot and seriously wounded Cornelius Burns, on Tuesday night, 3rd inst. Rivers claimed to have fired the shot for the purpose of saving his employer's property and his own life.

FELIX McCANN was hanged at Norwich, N. Y., on the 6th, at eleven o'clock, for the murder of Morris Hatch, December 5, 1878, at Sherburne, in Chenango county. He was attended by Fathers Luden and Harrigan, and was perfectly resigned to his fate. But thirty persons were allowed to witness the execution.

HAMBURG, N. J., was thrown into a fever of excitement on the night of the 5th by the murder of a woman. Frederick Crill, an old farmer living near that place, quarreled with his daughter, Mrs. William Babcock, twenty-five years old. The old man became so enraged that he shot her, causing her almost instant death. Crill surrendered himself to the authorities, and he was removed to the county jail at Newton. He says he was so crazed by anger that he didn't realize what he was doing until the death wound was inflicted. The woman leaves two small children.

On the afternoon of the 4th, a tramp stopped at the farm-house of the late Alfred Winegar, near Millerton, N. Y., and, as the men were at work in the field at some distance from the house, Mrs. Winegar, being in the house with another old lady over eighty years of age, proceeded to fasten the front part of the house, and as she was passing through the house to fasten a back door she met the tramp at the door. What demand he made of her is at present unknown. The old lady says that he caught hold of Mrs. Winegar and pushed her backward toward a small outbuilding. The fright and exertion brought on a spasm and she died instantly. The old lady used all the strength she had in attempting to pull him away from Mrs. Winegar, and her screams brought a little colored boy to the house, but he was too frightened to call for any assistance and the tramp escaped. Parties went in pursuit of him. He is described as an elderly man, with long, gray whiskers. Mrs. Winegar was a very estimable woman, between sixty and seventy years old, and very active considering her age. There is a good deal of excitement over the matter, and if the tramp is caught and found guilty summary vengeance will be taken upon him.

WASTINGS FROM THE WINGS.

Off to Europe—Marie Prescott—A New Magazine—More Pinafores—Coney Island—Miss Cavendish—The Salmon Party.

I saw Harry Sargent off to Europe the other day. It's awfully jolly to jump on a steamer just as if it were a street car and take a run across the blue. He looked upon the trip in that indifferent way, although I believe he is after some big attractions, Irving among the rest. Modjeska will remain away about a year. Sargent will also have Boucicault, yacht and all, next season. He also manages Paul Boyton, and can fairly be considered as having his hands full.

Miss Marie Prescott is mentioned as the leading lady at Booth's next season. Miss Prescott, who is now in California, will be remembered as a very handsome lady, who did not have sufficient show here at the Broadway Theatre and the Grand Opera House. She is a hard student, a conscientious artist, and would be an acquisition to any stage.

It was a good piece of enterprise in the *Herald* having cabled over an account of the appearance in London, at the Gaiety Theatre, of the famous "Franciscan" company. Sarah Bernhardt, of course, captured all the honors. That was a terribly cruel moor on her thinness which represented her as dismounting from an empty carriage, but as she seems to enjoy the fun as well as the rest, no harm is done. She is to write letters home describing the English. They will be caustic reading.

There is to be a theatrical magazine started in this city, modeled on the English one. The idea is a good one, and if the publication is properly managed it ought to go. Able writers on this side of the Atlantic will stir each other up, and extensive arrangements have been made with brilliant pens in London and Paris. Historic news from all parts of the globe will be given, even including New Jersey.

I thought the gallery of the Grand Opera House would not appreciate "Engaged," and I was correct. If there is not a little less Modjeska classicism and Gilbertonian subtle humor served up to that gallery it will get mad and commence to tear things. Boucicault in his Irish drama was all right, but the correct thing is Chantrel or Mayo in the "Streets of New York." A burning building with a real heroine being rescued by a real red-shirted fireman is the precise Stilton cheese for the west side proletarian patrons of Messrs. Poole & Donnelly. After witnessing "Engaged" the gods probably came to the conclusion that the introduction of the hungry and broken-hearted lady was singularly appropriate, and that the play was like her chief comic business—very tart. I enjoyed it immensely, as I would were I to see it a hundred times. I can forgive Gilbert his share in the "Pinafore" in view of this exquisite piece of fooling.

Speaking of "Pinafore," the Saville one, at the Madison Square Theatre, seemed to score a success. I have nothing to say. It is all a mystery to me. I simply accept "Pinafore" as a fact and am prepared to have it on my list of first nights for some time. It seems now centuries ago that Duff first showed me an English play-bill with "H. M. S. Pinafore" printed in red and black across it and told me that it was to be the next thing at the Standard. And I remember wondering what the deuce it was all about, and when he told me I wondered still more at the prospects of the American public taking any interest in the naval affairs, as expressed in the satire, of old England. It must be that we, like the Swiss, like to hear of a navy because we have none of our own.

I hope the walking from the city of Mexico is very good on account of the Fifth Avenue Opera Company that sailed with the intention of delighting first Havana and then Mexico with "Fatanita" and "Pinafore." I never heard of a more foolish move. Here is the yellow fever season right at hand, and independent of that a quantity of red-hot weather that is appalling to contemplate. I perspire as I write. Being left in a Michigan third-rate hotel with the landlord sitting on the stairs, shot-gun in hand, is bad enough, but think of sparring from the city of Mexico. I'll venture to wager that all the men will remain to help dig the interoceanic canal, while the unmarried ladies cannot do better than wed Hidalgo, or what, ever you call those fellows with the varnished faces who own silver mines.

Coney Island is to have a theatre—a regular novelty and variety affair. It's Aquarium is in full blast and every hotel porch at the lower end has its "nigger" minstrel party. I was there the other day to escape the city, but I made a decided error. I found all of New York there ahead of me. Theatrical people were as thick as the clams they were selling from the boats beneath the striped awnings. I met six leading men. Each one took me to one side, and most especially so if any of the others were around, and gave me an exclusive bit of information. Singularly enough it was the same in each instance, namely—"don't mention it yet, but I am going to support Neilson next season." Funny wasn't it?

Miss Cavendish was not a success as Julia in the "Hunchback" at Wallack's. She rushed the part, playing at a canter, and although it was possible to see that she has a good idea of the role, her execution of it was far from satisfactory. It rained on the first night, the auditorium was wet and sticky, and the small audience seemed decidedly uncomfortable. On Thursday Miss Cavendish did much better as Miss Gull in Wilkie Collins's dramatization of his novel "Armada." It is a line of acting she should stick to.

By this time Sothorn, Florence and their noble English friends are making the fins fly among the salmon in Labrador. This is much better sport than acting, although it strikes me that an entire summer of salmon fishing is a little too much. I'm sure the salmon agree with me. When the party returns it will make a tour of the Canadas, Niagara and American watering places. Mr. Haverly has offered Sothorn \$24,000 for an eight week's season in the fall. Billy Florence hasn't decided whether to take the "Mighty Dollar" to England this coming season, and turn it into £ s. d., or not.

The Vanderbilt Garden suggests the old Gilmore's, and in many respects is more artistically arranged, but it does not present itself to me in as attractive a light. I cannot tell why, and perhaps there is no more reason than that founded on caprice. It has already been made the evening lounge of the profession who are in town, just as Union square is the Exchange and Rialto in the daytime. But the beer doesn't taste as the old beer did and Dodworth's music doesn't sound like Pat Gilmore's, whom I met, by the way, at Coney Island, immaculate, smiling, serene as ever.

Mr. Robert Hill, business manager for Mr. H. A. Thomas, the theatrical lithographic artist, has gotten up a very

neat memorandum book for the profession. It is ruled for "name of town," "date of opening," "length of stay" and "terms." There is a calendar in front.

During a stroll through Union square the other afternoon I noticed the following loungers: John Scofield, Mr. Abbey's manager, talking to the Peakes; Ed Gilmore, W. T. Ferguson and Joe Shannon, who sailed on Thursday last, mapping out their route through Europe; Nat Goodwin, John Rickaby, and Bob Stevens, discussing Beecher as a possible card next season; Booley, of Chicago, buzzing Sheridan Shook; Charles Rice and Harry Allen, A. M. Palmer and Sim Collyer.

Haverly will manage the new Brooklyn Theatre. They should call it the Phenix. I wish him luck, but I hardly believe he will have it. I do not believe in superstition, and I shall go to the theatre if I am alive. The important question is, Will the men of Brooklyn go? I do not believe they will.

MARQUESS OF LORNGRETTE.

For a long time the citizens of a portion of Portsmouth, Va., have been inconvenienced by a crowd of idle and dissolute negro men and women, who have congregated in that neighborhood and made the nights hideous with their noise and obscene language. Complaint was made to the mayor, and on Monday, 2nd inst., after midnight, the police made a descent upon them, and arrested nine men and women. The charge of stealing was also preferred against them, and the mayor ordered the whole party to receive thirty-nine lashes each at the whipping post. The sentence was carried into effect.

ADVERTISING.

A FEW advertisements will be inserted on this page at 50c. per line, net, payable in advance, for each and every insertion. No electrotypes or advertisements of a questionable character accepted.

AMUSEMENTS.

HARRY HILL'S Gentlemen's Sporting Theatre, Billiard Parlors and Shooting Gallery with Ball Room and Restaurant attached, No. 22, 24, 26, 28 and 32 Houston Street, and 147, 149 and 151 Crosby Street, N. Y. Open all the year round with the greatest Variety Show in the world. The most complete Vaudeville Theatre in the city. Grand Sporting Programme and the great Female Boxers every night. Grand Sacred Concert every Sunday night. Entire change and new faces every week.

CEBORN GARDENS. Free to all. 104 West 52nd street, near Broadway. The largest hall, the finest music, the best attendance and the most beautiful women. Open every evening except Sunday. HUGGINS & HUGH, Proprietors.

MEDICAL.

MANHOOD Restored.—Prescription Free. For the speedy Cure of Seminal Weakness, Loss of Manhood, and all disorders brought on by indiscretion or excess. Any Druggist has the ingredients. Address DAVIDSON & CO., 78 Nassau street, New York.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a receipt that will cure you, free of charge. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

DOCTA Sandalwood Capsules.—The safest, speediest, most reliable cure for diseases of the Urinary Organs; fast superseding all other remedies. Beware of dangerous imitations, none genuine unless having "Docta" on each box. DOCTA DISP. CO., New York. Exploratory circular mailed free on application. Sold at all Drug Stores.

LOTTERIES.

ROYAL HAVANA LOTTERY.
\$510,000 CASH GIFTS.
ONLY 27,000 TICKETS.
CAPITAL PRIZE \$200,000.
1st Prize.....\$200,000
2d Prize.....50,000
3d Prize.....25,000
4th Prize.....10,000
5th Prize.....10,000
10 Prizes, \$5,000 each.....50,000
115 Prizes, 1,000 each.....115,000
821 Prizes in all, amounting to \$510,000.
Next drawings June 11th and June 27th.
Tickets \$40. Quarters, \$10. Eighths, \$5. Twentieths, \$2. Fortieths, \$1.

LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY.
Extraordinary Drawing, June 17th.
Capital Prize \$100,000.
Tickets \$10. Halves, \$5. Fifths, \$2. Tenth, \$1.
KENTUCKY STATE LOTTERY.
Next drawings June 15th and 30th.
Capital Prize \$15,000.
Whole Tickets \$1.

Prizes cashed. Full information of above sent free. Address, J. DUFF & CO., Bankers, 42 Nassau st., corner Liberty, New York.

MISCELLANEOUS.

\$5 TO \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address STIMSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

FULL Dress Gloves and Ties at MARK MAYER'S, 100 Fulton Street, New York.

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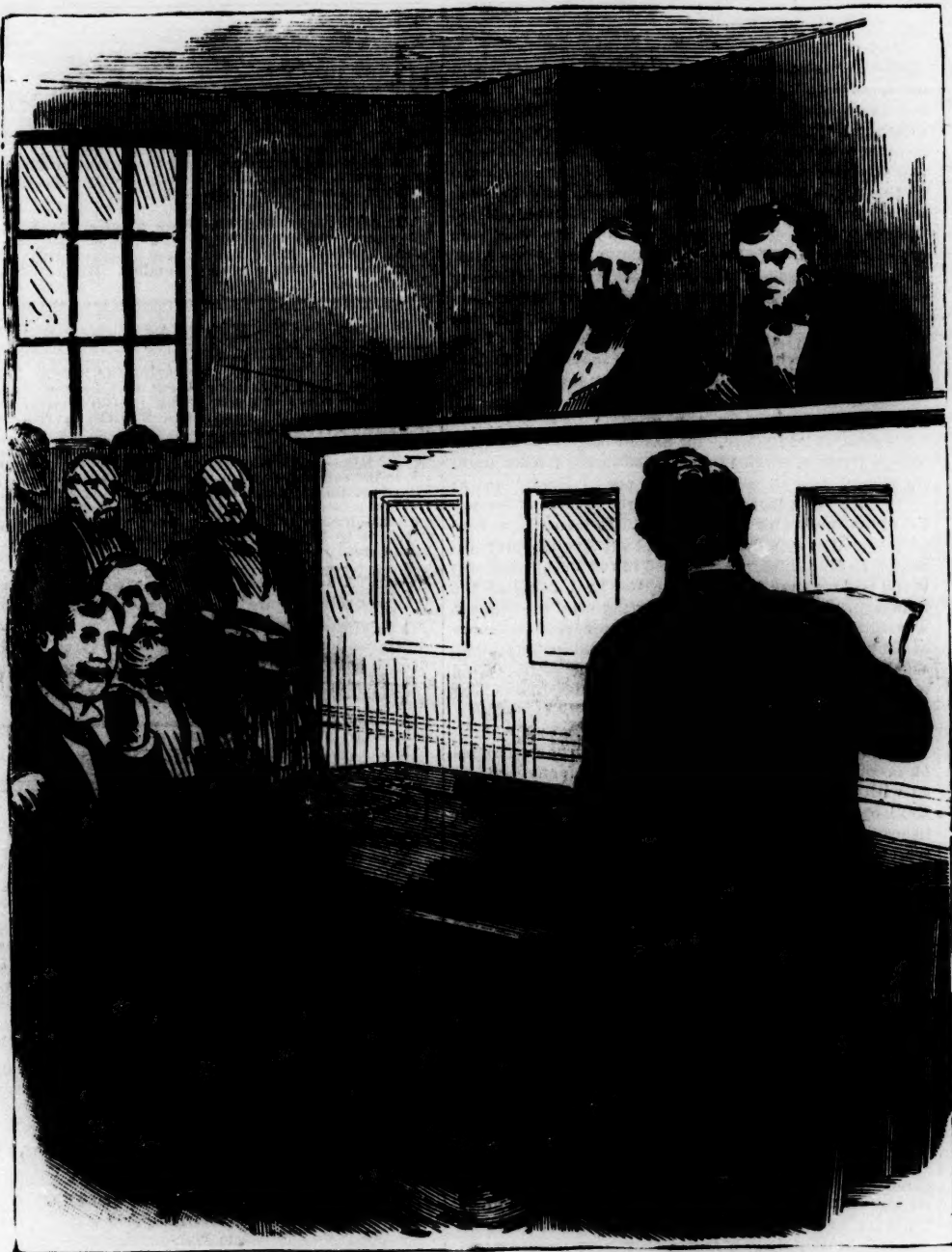
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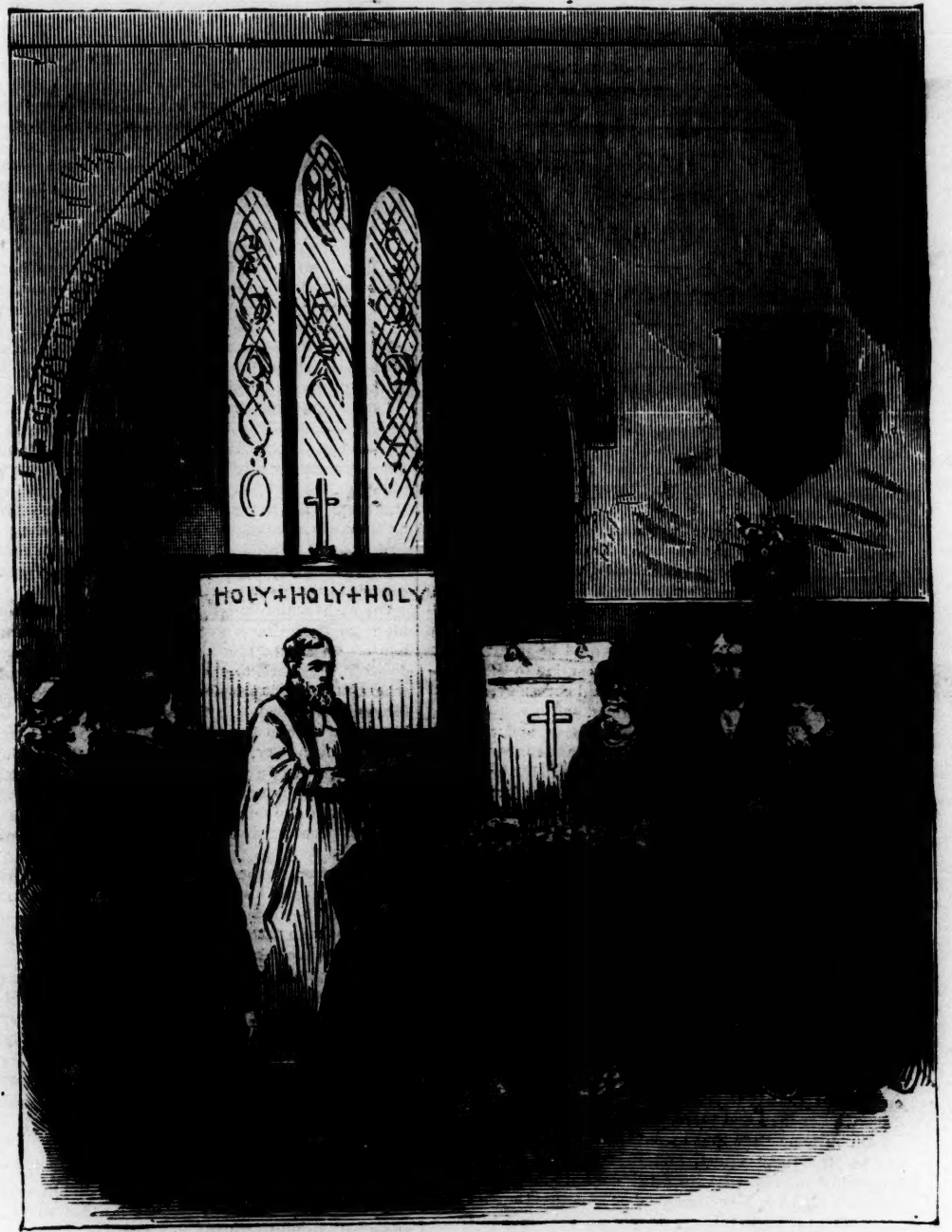
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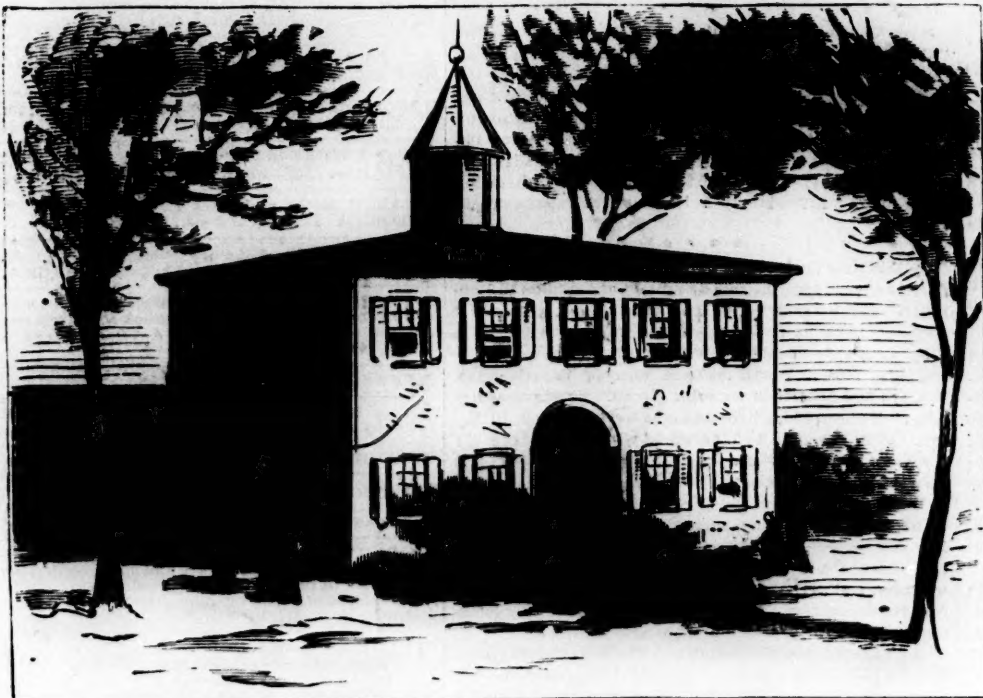
MRS. CLARA DUER.



THE ACCUSED GIRL ON TRIAL FOR HER LIFE IN THE COURT-ROOM, AT SNOW HILL.



FUNERAL SERVICES OVER THE VICTIM, BY REV. MR. HILLIARD, IN THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH, AT POCOMOKE CITY.



COURT-HOUSE AT SNOW HILL, WHERE THE TRIAL IS HELD.



MISS HEARN'S DYING DECLARATION TO HER FATHER.

THE TRAGIC ENIGMA OF POCOMOKE CITY—TRIAL OF MISS LILLIE DUER, AT SNOW HILL, MD., FOR THE REMARKABLE MURDER OF HER INTIMATE FRIEND, MISS ELLA HEARN.—[SKETCHED BY A GAZETTE SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 6.]